

MARTHA'S VINEYARD



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The Governor Mayhew House.

THE STORY OF
MARTHA'S VINEYARD

From the Lips of Its Inhabitants, Newspaper
Files and Those Who Have Visited Its
Shores, Including Stray Notes
on Local History and
Industries

Collected and arranged by
C. G. HINE
and
Illustrated by C. G. and THOS. A. HINE

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BEFORE PROCEEDING.

Professor Shaler wrote in 1874: "Of those who travel, by far the larger part are driven about the world by a hunger for the curious. The evil demon that pursues them hides the beauty of things near at hand with a veil of the commonplace, and sets on the horizon beacons that seem to point to fresher fields beyond. * * * Martha's Vineyard gives a rich soil, beautiful drives, brooks and woods, features denied to its bleaker sister to the east."

The Vineyard has never had its story told in a form that could be readily reached. For more than one hundred years travelers and scientists have devoted a chapter or more to the island and newspapers have paragraphed it, but that is practically all.

This book is an attempt to attach its stories—historical, personal and legendary—to the particular spots to which they belong and to string them on a thread of description that will carry one the length of the island, in the hope that that "hunger for the curious" may be temporarily sated.

"1723 8ber 27. * * * This night about 10 of the clock Thomas Blair departed this life. He had gone some time ago to the Jarsies and came home with a fever and ague upon him." So says the diary of Rev. William Homes, of Chilmark. It was fever and ague that, 147 years later, drove the writer's family from the "Jarsies" to the Vineyard for relief, and so we came

to know and love this beautiful island. We being entirely in accord with Mr. John Brereton who, 306 years ago, wrote: "For the agreeing of this climate with us (I speake of my selfe, and so I may justly do for the rest of our companie) that we found our health and strength all the while we remained there so to renew and increase", and "not one of our companie (God be thanked) felt the least grudging or inclination to any disease or sickness, but were much fatter and in better health than when we went out of England". Even as we than when we went out of Jersey.

For most of my material I am indebted to the files of the Vineyard Gazette and the Vineyard Herald, and its predecessor the Cottage City Star; of the New Bedford Standard and of the Mercury, and to the newspaper contributions of Dr. Charles E. Banks. To Mr. Charles H. Marchant and those pleasant evenings spent within the hospitable "Home Club" of Edgartown. To the writings of Mr. Richard L. Pease and to Mr. Beriah T. Hillman and the several friends in the Edgartown Court House. To Mr. and Mrs. Howes Norris, of Eastville. In Vineyard Haven to Mr. Charles H. Brown, Mrs. Margaret Claghorn, Miss Margaret L. Norton, Mr. H. C. Norton, Mr. Lorenzo Luce, and others who have dropped me a story or helped to complete one. To Mr. Joseph Mingo of Indian Hill, Mr. William H. Rotch of West Tisbury, Mrs. Rebecca H. Manter of Roaring Brook, Mr. E. Elliot Mayhew, the Dominie and the crowd that throngs the store of evenings at "Betel Bung Corners", Mr. Eddy C. Flanders and Mr. Daniel Vincent at Menemsha, and Mrs. Mary A. Cleggett Vanderhoop of Gay Head. My geology is lifted bodily from the writings of Prof. N. S. Shaler, whose death was a great loss to Martha's Vine-

yard; and beside those mentioned are many who have dropped small change into my ever ready cap.

A recently published "Guide to the Local History of Massachusetts", arranged by county and town, has made it easy to get at the printed records, but there has been no attempt to make an authoritative history, that being left for Dr. Charles E. Banks, whose forthcoming volumes will cover the ground as I could not hope to do. While acknowledging help, it would be a sin against courtesy not to acknowledge that rendered by the staff of the New York Historical Society, who could not be more willing to do if I was their rich uncle and a bachelor.

Our story will begin at the eastern end of the island and travel, as does the sun, toward the west, gathering as it goes all sorts of stray items from folks and books and personal experience.



Across the seas of Wonderland
To Martha's Isle we plodded,
Forty singing seamen
In an old, black barque.
And we landed in the twilight
Where a polyphemus nodded,
With his burnished fire-eye winking
Red and yellow through the dark—
Now a red flash, then three yellow.
When it's thick, the fog horn's bellow
Booms across the restless water
To save the venturing crew from slaughter;
To save all singing seamen from the
cruel rocks that slaughter.

[With apologies to Mr. Alfred Noyes,
the early explorers and the Gay
Head Light.]

EARLY VOYAGES AND FIRST OWNERS.

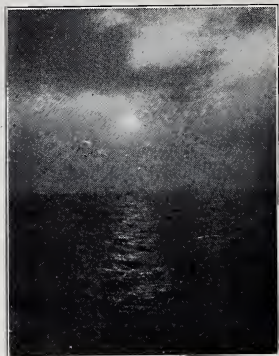
IN FIFTEEN TWENTY-FOUR.

It is difficult to go back in imagination to the loneliness of the time when our Summer Isle only knew the barbarism of the red man and his lack of enterprise, but there was such a time, though the barbarism seems to have been of a pleasant kind, for the early explorers, before they had taught the native to distrust them, appear to have met with nothing but hospitality along this coast. Verrazano, sailing these waters in 1524, may have landed here—some think he did, but more believe his description fits Block Island rather better than it does the Vineyard. Wherever he landed, however, his treatment by the Indians was much to his liking, at least until after he rounded Cape Cod. And Mr. John Brereton, who wrote a "relation" of Captain Gosnold's visit in these waters, referring to the aborigines, speaks particularly of their "quick eied and steadfast" looks, "fearlesse of others harmes, as intending none themselves", they being "exceeding courteous, gentle of disposition and well conditioned".

CAPTAIN GOSNOLD.

Next of record comes Captain Gosnold in May, 1602, who was the author of the present name of the island, as he was of Cape Cod, though he applied it to that dash of solitude out in the Atlantic known to us as No Man's Land, the name then being spelled Marthae's Vineyard, according to "Purchas his Pilgrimes", which may have been a compliment to one of the

gentlemen accompanying the explorer. The name is so spelled both by Gabriel Archer and by John Brereton in their relations of the voyage. Gosnold, coming from the north, appears to have coasted outside of Nantucket and the Vineyard, and possibly at that time supposed them part of the mainland, though "The Relation of Captaine Gosnol's Voyage delivered by Gabriel Archer, a Gentleman in the said Voyage" speaks of doubling "the Cape of another Iland", referring to the present Martha's Vineyard.



"One of the stateliest sounds that ever I was in".—Gabriel Archer.

MARTIN PRING.



That part of Chappaquiddic Island which Martin Pring is supposed to have named Mount Aldworth.

In April, 1603, Martin Pring (or Prynne) was sent out by Bristol merchants with two small vessels for sassafras, which had acquired a high value for its supposed medicinal virtues. He coasted from Maine to the Vineyard, and entered Edgartown harbor, calling it Whitson Bay, and anchored under

the shelter of Chappaquiddic Neck, which he called Mount Aldworth, at least so it is claimed, though some think he went no further south than Plymouth harbor. The Katama woods were long famed for their large supply of sassafras, and Pring could have secured his supply here as readily as elsewhere. For years the island was called Martin's Vineyard, the supposition being that Martin Pring named it after himself.

GOLD ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD!

In 1611 Captain Harlow, an Englishman, visited the Vineyard and took away with him one or more Indians, one of whom, Epenow, was the cause of the next visit, so far as the records tell, in 1614. At this time Sir Ferdinando Gorges, head of the Plymouth company, was brought in contact with Epenow, in London, by Captain Harlow. The Indian told Gorges that there was gold on Martha's Vineyard and he, in connection with the Earl of Southampton, fitted out an expedition, as in later days the Vineyard itself fitted out more than one expedition,

lured by the golden hopes of California. Ironpyrites, "fools' gold", is found at Gay Head, and it is possible that the Indian was sincere in his statement; it is, however, also possible that he wished to get home, and having learned the white man's weak spot, took this means to accomplish



The mystery of the unknown.

it. The ship was put in the command of Captain Hobson, "a grave gentleman", who in due course reached the place where Epenow was "to make good his undertaking". No sooner was the anchor down than the island Indians came on board, where they were entertained. Epenow seems to have improved the occasion to arrange with his friends for escape, it being decided that when next the Indians returned he was to jump overboard and swim for it, while those in the canoes "manifested themselves with arrows, like enemies", as was once said of certain other savages. The English were suspicious of their Indian friend, and not only kept a close watch on him, but clothed him in flowing garments that would impede his swimming. When the time came he took to the water in spite of all obstacles, and the crew foolishly opened fire; this the Indians promptly answered by a shower of arrows, wounding the Captain and many of his men. Epenow escaped and the expedition came to naught, commenting on which Sir Ferdinando remarks: "Thus were my hopes of that particular mode void and frustrate."

Gold was the lodestone always. While the explorer was collecting sassafras or furs, or any other commodity that could be turned into gold on the other side of the water, he was ever inquiring for the precious metal. The Gabriel Archer, mentioned above, states that "these Indians call Gold Wassador, which argueth there is thereof in the country". But the fact is, we of to-day are after it in just as hearty fashion as were our forefathers three hundred years ago, and probably three hundred years hence there will be the same scrabble, and in the same direction.

OTHER EXPEDITIONS.

From this time on the island was visited by gold seekers

and explorers, who made small mention of what they found. Among others was Capt. Thomas Dermer, 1619, but the Indians supposedly thought him on a man-stealing expedition, and drove him off with numerous wounds. It is of this or some other like experience that we have a legend which, while there is no written record thereof, comes so very straight from those days of little recorded history that it seems worth while to make mention of it. A very old Indian squaw told the story, which she had from her mother (a girl at the time of the happening) to Aunt Rhoda Luce, who died aged ninety years, and she to Dr. Moses Brown, and he to my informant, so that it comes to us through only five generations, though the incident



A vessel came into Vineyard Haven Harbor.

must have occurred at least two hundred and seventy-five years ago. The story is that a vessel came into Vineyard Haven harbor, and in seeking for water passed through into the Lagoon and to its head, where a beautiful spring was found, the present source of the Oak Bluffs water supply. While the casks were being filled the Indians suddenly made a fierce attack, killing one man. They were finally frightened away by the discharge of a cannon from the vessel's stern, which sent them promptly to cover. Apparently this was a first experience of these Indians with firearms of such calibre, and it

evidently made a deep impression. Aunt Rhoda, in telling the story, used to conclude with an Indian sentence which, translated into the Vineyard vernacular by her, was: "The white-winged angel lets big noises."

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT.

The first settlement by white men was, according to tradition, about 1632, when four men—Norton, Vincent, Pease and Trapp—and possibly others, are said to have wintered in roughly built stone houses in the side of Green Hollow, a little south of the oldest burial ground in Edgartown. Mr. Richard L. Pease has written that "this tradition has come to us through well-known sources". The usual story explaining this settlement is that a ship bound for Virginia put in here through stress of weather, and rather than longer face the Winter's storms, part of the company at least concluded to remain and continue their journey in the Spring, but finding the Winter climate pleasant and all manner of fish abundant, they decided to remain permanently.

THOMAS MAYHEW PURCHASES MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

In 1635 the Plymouth Company conveyed to William, Earl of Stirling, a certain part of the New World which included Martha's Vineyard. In 1637 the Earl of Stirling appointed James Forrett his agent for disposing of the islands between Cape Cod and the Hudson River, and in 1641, some twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, the latter sold for \$200 the island of Nantucket with several small adjacent islands to Thomas Mayhew of Watertown, Mass., and by a subsequent agreement he conveyed to Mayhew Martha's Vineyard and the Elizabeth Islands. These islands being also claimed under the grant of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Thomas

Mayhew obtained of Richard Vines, agent of Gorges, a conveyance of the property. Forrett was superseded by Andries Forrester, who agreed to confirm the transfer, but while in New Amsterdam he was arrested by the Dutch, sent to Holland, and never returned.

The Commissioners of the United Colonies decided in 1644 that this island came within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay, and it was recognized as a part of that province for ten years, but in 1654 the island was voted to be not within the limits of the province of Massachusetts Bay, and until transferred to the Duke of York, it appears to have been a law unto itself. About this time the name first appears spelled as at present, the island previously being known as Martin's Vineyard.

In 1663 the Earl of Clarendon, on behalf of James, Duke of York, purchased from the Earl of Stirling his American grant, and in 1664 received from Charles II. all that part of the main land of New England, etc., including "those several Islands called or known by the names of Martha's Vineyard and Nantukes".

THOMAS MAYHEW APPOINTED GOVERNOR.

When New Amsterdam became New York, the first English governor, Lovelace, sent an order to those holding under the Stirling title to take out new papers under the Duke of York. Then it was that Thomas Mayhew was appointed governor of Martha's Vineyard for life.

COUNTY OF DUKES COUNTY.

November 1, 1683, the Mayhew holdings were erected into the "County of Dukes County". In 1695 the county was reincorporated and Nantucket eliminated.

On the succession of William and Mary to the throne of England, New England was granted a new charter in which Nantucket was expressly declared a part of Massachusetts, but the language of the charter was not explicit in regard to the ownership of Martha's Vineyard, and this led to some dispute between New York and Massachusetts.

INDIAN NAME OF THE ISLAND.

The true Indian name of the island was No-pe and no other, though many have claimed that it was also called Capawock. Dr. Banks states that in spite of the fact that the charter of 1692 spoke of the island as "Martha's Vineyard alias Capowick", this was an error, and that that designation applied only to Cape Poge, which latter is the final result of the various spellings, as Capoak and Capoag.

From now on it will be possible to individualize, and facts and legends will, so far as possible, be grouped under the various towns in which they belong.



EDGARTOWN.

THE NAMING OF EDGARTOWN.



Tower Hill and a bit of the inner harbor.

It is claimed that this is the Whitson Bay of Martin Pring, but the name did not stick, and from the time of the first settlement it was the "Towne uppon the Vineyard", or Great Harbor, and so until the time when Thos. Mayhew was called to New York to receive title from the

new lord of the land, the Duke of York. No one had ever been able to solve the mystery of the name Edgartown, whence it came or why, until Dr. Charles E. Banks stepped into the breach and gave an explanation which is so well supported by probability that it has been readily accepted as final.

This is the Doctor's theory: When this was the only "Towne uppon the Vineyard" it was known as such, but as settlements multiplied and such general appellation was no

longer locative, our village was "Great Harbor", as the "up-island" village was Middletown. But in 1671, when Mayhew came back from his interview with the Duke's representative, Governor Lovelace, the place was officially designated Edgar Town. Where did the



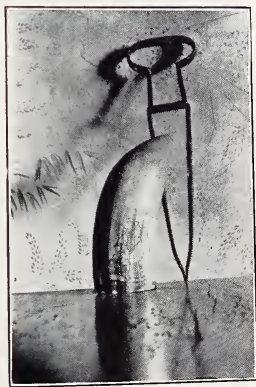
The harbor light and the long causeway that leads thereto.

name come from? There is no other Edgartown on the face of the earth after which it might be named, nor was there any great man of that name and time. The conference in New York was an amicable one, the elder Mayhew was commissioned as governor of Martha's Vineyard "dureing his naturall life", and patents of incorporation were issued for the two towns on the island, then known as Great Harbor and Middletown. Tisbury was the name selected for the latter, possibly



Where the small boat rides at anchor.

at the suggestion of Mayhew, it being his old home in England, and it may well be that he, wishing to compliment Lovelace, suggested that the latter name the older settlement, and what more natural than that the courtier select the name of his master's only surviving son and heir, Edgar, he being in line for the throne. The young Prince had died one month before his name was bestowed on the town, but those in New York probably knew it not—he was but four years old at his death, and was naturally little known—but in the renaming of things, the Dutch having been only just driven out, every county in the province of New York was named after the Duke or some one of his possessions or kindred, hence Dukes County, and nothing is more natural than that the chief town in such a county should be named after the Duke's only son.



Mayhew family relics. Carved whale's tooth, and tongs for holding coal while lighting pipe.

THOS. MAYHEW—FATHER AND SON.

The years of the Mayhew reign were years of peace, signalized chiefly by their work among the Indians. Thos. Mayhew, Jr., was a minister. In 1642 the Indians resident on the island numbered about three thousand; the younger Mayhew almost immediately undertook to Christianize these savages, and his success was unprecedented. He sailed for England in November, 1657, and was never heard of more. His father then took up the work that the son had left unfinished.

Hiacoomes of Great Harbor was the first convert, and Mittark

of Gay Head the second, and both in turn became Indian ministers.

“Yet, even that Indian’s ear had heard
The preaching of the Holy Word:
Sanchekantacket’s isle of sand
Was once his father’s hunting land,
Where zealous Hiacoomes stood,—
The wild apostle of the wood,
Shook from his soul the fear of harm,
And trampled on the Powwaw’s charm;
Until the wizard’s curses hung
Suspended on his palsying tongue,
And the fierce warrior grim and tall,
Trembled before the forest Paul!”

—J. G. Whittier in “Mog Megone”.

PETER FOLGER.

When Reverend Thomas Mayhew left for England, the Indian work was put in charge of “an able, godly Englishman, named Peter Folger, employed in teaching the youth in reading, writing and the principles of religion by catechizing; being well learned likewise in the scripture and capable of helping them in religious matters”. This Peter Folger was the father of Abiah who, marrying Josiah Franklin, became the mother of Benjamin Franklin. Coincidence! The first steamer that ever entered Edgartown harbor was the Benjamin Franklin!

THE MAYHEWS AND THE MAYHEW HOUSE.

The two Thomas Mayhews, the elder’s grandson, Reverend John Mayhew, his great grandson, Reverend Experience Mayhew, and his great-great-grandson, Reverend Zachariah Mayhew, were all in turn pastors of Indian churches on the island —“The five missionary Mayhews”. The old Mayhew house



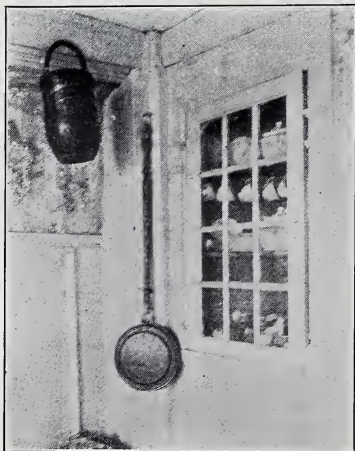
The Governor Mayhew chair as it stands in the old house. The only known relic of the Governor left on the island.

(1698?) on South Water Street is so noticeably old that the passerby cannot but pause before it. It was built by the Governor, and in the little room over the entrance he died some two hundred years ago, 93 years of age. With his last breath the Governor is quoted as saying, "I have lived by faith and have found God in His Son, and there I find Him now. Therefore if you would find the God, look for Him in His Son. There He is to be found and nowhere else".

The interior of the house shows very few signs of alteration, the same little rooms and low ceilings as of yore, with numerous relics of the past. Somewhat north of the old house and near the street is the burial ground of the Mayhews, and here the Governor is believed to lie. No stone marks his last resting place, it is said at his own request, but there are a few stones of early generations of the family still left.

EDGARTOWN HARBOR

Edgartown harbor is so eminently safe and secure, and carries such good water that it is a popular spot with yachts and small craft. Once around the western point of Chappaquidick Island there is no wind that blows, short of the wildest



A corner in the Governor Mayhew house; an old leather fire bucket, warming pan, and china closet.

it at once."

Prof. Shaler says that this waterway was presumably formed by the irregular whirling movement of waters that were discharged into the sea from a subglacial stream at a time when the base of the ice drift lay below the level of the ocean. For there was a time when this island was hundreds

hurricane, that need cause the skipper to keep his weather eye out. In 1807 it was writ, "Old Town (Edgartown) harbour is safe and excellent, and is esteemed one of the best in the United States. It is so much better than the harbour of Nantucket, that the whalemens of that island are obliged to come to this place, to take in their water, and to fit out their ships". In those days vessels were often detained here by adverse winds. "With a fair wind 200 sail, including many large vessels, sometimes leave



A popular spot with small craft.



"Old Town harbor is safe and excellent."

of feet under water. The character of the land about Edgartown and Chappaquiddick tends to confirm this theory, it being known to geologists as kame deposits, "sand and small pebbles arranged in distinct, crossbedded layers, showing that they were formed by the movement of swift currents, which currents were subject to frequent variations in direction and energy". This kame formation is found to a less extent on the western side of Sengkontacket Pond.

KATAMA BAY.

Edgartown harbor widens out to Katama Bay, one arm of which is Mat-takesett Bay. Both contribute to the pleasure of the Summer idler and the profit of the sturdy worker. The surface of these waters is a shimmer of irrides-



The picturesque old wharves.

cent coloring, where one can float in the very midst of the picture, and loaf his soul, as did the poet in the Bay of Naples, who sings:—

“Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.”

The worker finds under these waters quahaugs which are worth probably \$40,000 a year in “new money” to the village. The beds of these hard-shell Baptists seem to be inexhaustible. And that reminds me that quahaug is a comparatively new word for these parts, for Dr. Freeman noted in 1807 that “The poquag called the quahaug in the county of Barnstable, is found in Old Town harbour, Cape Poge and in Menemsha Pond, great quantities are exported”. Two thousand dollars worth of clams at \$9.00 a barrel were sold in Edgartown in 1807. The Rev. Dr. Freeman visited the island in 1807 “to ascertain the spots proper for placing huts and other accommodations for shipwrecked mariners”, and we shall have frequent occasion to quote him.

THE LEGEND OF KATAMA AND MATTAKESSETT.

Katama was a beautiful Indian maiden, even as are the young maidens of to-day whose sires have power or wealth. The chief of Wintucket, her father, seeking a proper alliance for his only child, betrothed her to a grumpy, old straight-hair, who was the chief of the proud Ahquampachás, and the girl consented, not that she loved the old man—her heart had never been stirred and she knew not what love was.



"I heed not if
My rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff—"

As in later days great stores of linen were spun and woven for the bride to be, so the Indians wove grass mats in anticipation of the new wigwam, and Katama, seeking for the finest and most beautiful grasses, wandered in her canoe as far as Quanomiqua, where they grew, and here for the first time her heart was set a-throbbing and the scales fell from her eyes. Mattakessett, the young and handsome chief of the tribe that planted the Great Plain, had also come to Quanomiqua to hunt—not for

grasses, however, nor yet for love—but, peering from the covert over the marshy waste, his heart was smitten as with the arrow of fate as he saw the fair vision pushing her canoe among the rushes, and there on the shores of the beautiful waters love came to both.

The maiden, knowing well her father, said nothing of her new found joy, but met her lover in secret, drifting along without a thought of the future, and so the happy days ended all too quickly. Now the time came when the Wintucket tribe conspired with other tribes to rob the maize fields of Mattakessett, and appointed a night when they were to surround the fields on all sides like a snare. Some passed down the Great Sands, South Beach, others by Shockamoksett and Me-

shacket. Katama, knowing but one duty, hastened to bear the news of the invasion to Mattakessett, and he and his people prepared to meet the invaders.

The band of robbers, unsuspecting of the trap laid for them, lost many a brave by a sudden and unexpected onslaught where they thought to find nothing but fields of waving corn, but Mattakessett's line was too thin and the opposing foe too numerous. and though at first driven back, they rallied and, pressing in from all sides, Mattakessett soon found himself surrounded, where to fight longer were madness, and making his way to his lodge he took Katama in his arms and fled to the bay. The poet Alfred Noyes so nearly describes the ending of the legend in his "Silk O' the Kine" that his words are here quoted:—

"Then Sorch the Singer came to the King as he stared in empty
amaze
And said, 'Oh King, as I watched the sun break through the
first gold haze,
I saw those lovers pass to the shore, hand in clasping hand;
And they cast their raiment from them there on the golden
sand;
And they waded up to their golden knees in the clear green
waves, and there,
Clothed with the sun and the warm soft wind and Eilidh's
golden hair,
Isla broke his sword and watched it heavily shimmering down
Through the lustrous emerald gleam to the sea-flower forests
of dim deep brown.
And they kissed each other, once, on the mouth, and then, as I
stood in the heather,
I saw them, Eilidh and Isla, they swam out in the sunlight to-
gether:

Out, far out, through the golden glory that dazzled the green of the bay:

Two strong swimmers were they, oh King, that swam out in the sunlight together;

Whether they went to life or death, two strong swimmers were they:

Two strong swimmers were they.’”

And thus came death to Katama and Mattakessett.

It is fitting that their names should be preserved in the waters that sheltered them from their enemies, while the name of the girl's tribe now stands for the father of Edgartown's waters—Wintucket Cove.

SOUTH BEACH.



A bit of the South Beach as the visitor hopes to find it.

And now we come to the "Great Sands", South Beach, where the mighty Atlantic knocks unceasingly. At times the roar of his angry knocking is carried to the farthest extremity of the island, which shakes and trembles, but the door, while sometimes splintered, never opens. This is one

of the spots that is seldom free from visitors in the season, when they are like the sands for multitude. Here the dreamer can sit and watch the steady roll and smash, or listen to the sigh of the waves when they are gentle, with the rattle and crash of the shingle as it is sucked back by the undertow. There is little to find on this beach in the way of shells, and one spot on its long, straight, sandy line is as good as another for watching the onslaught, and no better way can an hour be

spent than by sitting in the solitude of the sands and watching until it all seems a vision.

THE MATTAKESSETT HERRING FISHERY.

On the way to and from the beach the traveler must cross a creek that is so straight as to suggest the correcting hand of man. This is the herring creek which connects the fresh waters of Edgartown Great Pond with the brine of Mattakessett Bay, and here in the season the herring crowd to their own destruction. If the herring but knew his importance it might be that he would utterly refuse to travel such an unmitigated ditch as is here dug for him, and if he but knew that on the main his dried carcass was once known as "Old Town turkey", his head would be swelled out of all proportion to this little string of water.



Swaying up the foresail.

Not all the inhabitants, however, believe in this form of industry. It seems that the farmers whose lands border the

Great Pond, and are frequently overflowed by its high water. prefer an outlet across the beach direct to the salt sea that will keep the Pond drained to a level below their pastures. This of course makes the herring creek useless and starts a feud that only the courts can settle, for here the herring fishery is private property, made so by an old grant from the State.

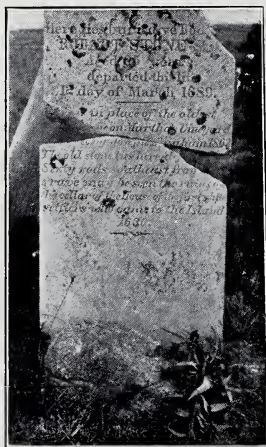
The Edgartown world awoke one morning to find that such a canal had been dug, and the fishery proprietors were left with a dry and useless ditch to contemplate. These immediately set out to secure evidence on which to convict, and soon hit on a boy who was frightened into a confession, whereupon damage suits were started. The farmers employed Ben Butler to defend them, and he proceeded to show the court that the original grant applied to land that was probably, by this time, a half mile out at sea, to so great an extent has the sand given way to the wash of the currents, and that consequently the rights of the proprietors had not been, because they could not be, invaded, and on top of this the boy who was the chief witness so completely lost his memory on the stand that the prosecution had not a leg to stand on and the embattled farmers won the day.



Edgartown's docking facilities.

THE OLD BURYING GROUND.

Beyond Tower Hill lies the old "God's Acre", containing many stones dating back two hundred years and more, with many a quaint epitaph to reward the searcher. Here was buried Joseph Chase, son of that Lieutenant Isaac Chase who was one of the first settlers of Holmes Hole. And it was in this neighborhood that the settlers of 1632 fixed their dwellings.



Here lies buried ye bod.....

ROBERT STONE, SENR.

Aged 65 years

departed this life

12 day of March, 1689.

..... is in place of the oldest
ne on Martha's Vineyard
 by Joseph Dunham 1863
 The old stone lies here de.....
 Sixty rods southeast from
 grave may be seen the ruins of
 the cellar of the House of the first white
 settlers who came to the Island
 1630.

CHAPPAQUIDDICK.

Chappaquiddick is an almost unknown country to the Summer visitor. A ferry takes one across to the shore, where is Edgartown's bathing beach, and if the traveler is so minded he

can mount to the top of Sampson's Hill and take a look over Nantucket way. Before electricity was doing our long-distance talking for us a semaphore stood on the crown of this hill, whose long arms signaled whaling news to Nantucket in one direction and to East Chop in the other. The code was of necessity very simple, being intended for but the one purpose, and occasionally the operator was put to it to know how to convey an odd piece of news. For instance, he was once compelled to signal that a certain whaler had arrived with "three barrels of smallpox" on board, and hope that the Nantucketers would figure out that he meant cases.



Road to the steamboat wharf. On the left the old "candle house" of whaling days.

AN INCIDENT OF CAPE POGE

If one is so minded he can follow the almost straight road to the beach and in due time pass along the sands to the far point known as Cape Poge, where stands the lighthouse. But for the difference between sand and rock, it might well have been of Cape Poge that Longfellow wrote:—

"The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night of cloud by day."

Here fifty years or so ago—or, to be more exact, in the year 1856—lived a family of Smiths, to whom a visitor was a streak of rare good fortune, and particularly so was it to the lesser Smiths, as playmates were scarce indeed. Now, upon a time there came among them a little girl whom we will call Carrie, as such was her name, a daughter of the Cross Rip lightship and a great favorite with all, though something venturesome, for during a game of hide-and-seek she took it into her small head to push out from shore in the family boat, the only one for miles around, a thing that the children had been cautioned many times not to do.

Immediately was there great excitement. Father was down on Chappaquiddick, four miles away; mother was called from her dinner preparations, and she promptly plunged into the water, but the currents had set the boat out of reach. The one heavy oar in the boat was lost overboard by the child on her first attempt to use it, and things were by now looking like a tragedy. Finally the small boy set off on a run for father, but ten-year-old legs are not very long, and four miles was a weary distance. The boat drifted out and out, being soon lost to the sight of those on the beach, and only mother up in the tower, with the strong glass, could keep track of the little one bobbing up and down among the waves.

They were long moments and anxious ones, but the young lungs were sound, and at last a dusty boy rushed in on the two fathers, as it happened, and managed to pant out the story. The fathers were soon in a boat and pulling for the open sea for, knowing the wind and the currents, they had no need to be told the direction, and one can imagine the sigh of relief that went up from the lighthouse as the glass picked up the two

strong men pulling for the life fast going out on the ebbing tide.

That is all of the story. The rescue and home coming were mere matters of detail to men used to the sea, and even if the dinner was burned to a crisp, what of that? Were not all safe and sound once more, though father cried like a child when he stepped on shore again.

Chappaquiddick furnishes the only simon-pure brimstone legend that the island has produced, so far as my knowledge of the subject goes, and I have asked some questions. Here it is:—

THE BLUE ROCK OF CHAPPAQUIDDICK.

On a dark and stormy night an unknown vessel dropped anchor in the surf, which is forever beating at the foot of Wasque Bluff, where “the sea rolls like moving mountains on the shore, and the surf breaks in a terrible manner”, and a mysterious personage landed in a small boat with a strong box and six sturdy ruffians, who trooped inland to where stood a lone bluish-colored rock. Here a deep hole was dug and the chest placed therein. Then the sailors stepped back and stood with bowed, uncovered heads while the stranger drew from his bosom a small green package which, with a muttered invocation to the father of pirates, he threw on the box, when instantly with crash and roar a blinding, lurid flame of pale green shot out of the hole, and for a moment lit up all the country round. The blackness of the stormy night succeeded, and when the sailors recovered from their confusion and prepared to fill the hole, lo! no hole was there; only the scorched and blackened earth. Then the little procession silently filed off into the gloom, returning whence it came, not a sound having been uttered from the time the boat’s keel first grated on the sands.

The lone spectator of this frightful scene, the only white man on the island, arose from his hiding place in the grass and fled, but he handed the story of that night's horrid work down to later generations, who have sought for the treasure in vain.

The experiences of such of the treasure seekers as have dared to tell them have been quite as terrible as were those of the peeping Tom who saw the pirates bury their gold. Two such adventurers agreed to meet one night at the rock, the hour being that when "the ghost from the tomb affrighted shall come, cal'd out by the clap of the thunder". The first to arrive leaned up against the great stone and, being tired with his tramp, was fast falling to sleep, when a noise came to him from off the waters (for the haunted spot is close by the shore of Cape Poge Pond) and, opening wide his eyes in astonishment, he saw "a great big old ship", with all sails set, standing straight in toward the rock. No man was at the wheel, nor a soul in sight, yet she dodged the shoals and shallows like some old fisherman, and just as she must have grounded, down came every sail, and the vessel drifted gently in until her keel touched lightly on the sandy shore.

Then a mysterious plank ran out of itself and, with a horrible yell, the hatch was thrown off, and on the instant the deck was swarming with skeletons. "'Twas an all-fired dark night, but it seemed as if them critters carried their light with them, for I could see 'em plain enough", says the treasure hunter. Now they come filing down the plank, bearing a dead body, and begin to dig, but the earth seemed to come up of itself, for almost instantly there was a deep hole and the spades were striking something that gave back the ring of metal, which a peep showed was a big iron pot with lid half off, and filled to

the brim with gold and silver. On top of this the corpse is tumbled and the hole is being filled when, for the first time the skeletons catch sight of the intruding human, who has been scared so stiff that he could not run, and they came for him "as thick as bees", grabbing him with intent to put him in the hole to keep company with the corpse. But if his legs would not work his lungs would, and he gave such a ghastly screech that even the ghosts were frightened and dropped him so that his head fell with a bang against the rock. When he "ris to his feet" not a phantom was in sight, the ship was gone and all signs of digging obliterated. Our adventurer had had enough, however, and when his companion arrived all was dark and lonely. The deserted one, however, was not the kind to take such treatment quietly, and when next the two met he gave his terrified friend such a drubbing that in order to justify his run away he was compelled to tell his experiences, and so the facts, which would otherwise have been lost, have been preserved for posterity.

Others have tried, and even reached the pot, but always is there a horrible flash and a cave in, shadowy forms of threatening aspect and the blackness of darkness, with the hole leveled and no sign of digging to show for the night's labor. Some there be who claim that a stranger whose heel prints showed a curious cleft did secure the pot, and transported it and himself to unknown parts on a mysterious vessel that had been hovering on the horizon for days, and it may be so, for recent digging fails to cause any unusual disturbance, except possibly in the backs and muscles of the diggers.

EARLY INDUSTRIES.

One hundred years ago there were four windmills for grind-

ing corn in Edgartown, one of them on Chappaquiddick, but the great industry of the island at that time would appear to have been the knitting of stockings, of which about 15,000 pair were knit per year by the women. So much was knitting in vogue that it used to be said that those rounding Cape Poge could hear the click of the knitting needles before the lights of Edgartown hove in sight. Of mittens 3,000 pair per year was the average,

while of wigs for seamen (whatever they were), 600 were added to the annual output. "The people, and particularly the women are remarkable for their industry", says Dr. Freeman. In Edgartown were also three sets of salt works, for which the codfish was no doubt largely responsible.



The "Four Corners". Where the Main is crossed by Water Street.

REVOLUTIONARY NOTES.

Quiet times are prosaic times and, while preferable to live in, are apt to be uninteresting to dwell upon in detail, and now from Indians and treasure seekers we will turn our faces toward war and the days of the Revolution. Not so many stories of that period have to do with this part of the Island as with Holmes Hole and the North Shore, they having been rather more in the track of the marauder, but Edgartown thought it had all the trouble it needed.

At the time of Gray's raid one of his frigates lay off this village, which was compelled to furnish its share of plunder for the enemy, as the following verses from the Gazette, written by a descendant of "grandmother" testify, and while they have been published before, they are good enough to print once more:—

GRANDMOTHER'S COURAGE; A TRUE STORY OF '76.

BY L. P. SELOVER.

In the Fall of seventeen seventy eight,
When we were at war with Britain great,
The Tisbury folks one morning bright
Looked out on a scene that unnerved them quite,
For anchored sure in her waters blue
Of British warships lay eighty-two.

A brave three hundred had marched away
To help to conquer the foe at bay,
And those who stayed to till the soil
Were left no arms their foes to foil.
And then the wisest held their breath:
Had they come for plunder, or battle and death?

Ten thousand sheep they drove to the shore,
Of cattle three hundred head and more;
Their fields are swept of the new-mown hay
By thousands of Britains under Gray,
And from their homes on baking day
They took their puddings and pies away.

In a low, green valley, three leagues away,
Just overlooking Katama Bay,
There stood the home of a soldier brave,
Who had marched away his country to save,

And left his wife to bake and brew
And most of the farming work to do.

Her flaxseed she sowed for her linen web,
And combed and spun and wove it, 'tis said;
While wool was carded the patient reel
Stood waiting the work of the spinning wheel,
Then looms were set and the web was made,
The garments were cut and stitches laid.
And Matty was often heard to say
She spun, wove and made the suit of gray
That her husband wore when he went out
To help to put the Britishers to rout.

She was singing one morn the harvest home
When, looking out on the soft, green loam,
She saw in front of her open door
A band of Red Coats on the shore.
They wandered 'round through barn and field,
And took the most of her precious yield;
But two good cows were feeding still
In the pasture behind a hiding hill.
Soon came the British and asked for meat,
And Matty brought it with nimble feet,
And left them greedily taking their fill
For the pasture land behind the hill.

Little she recked that her head was bare
And the wind made sport with her loosened hair
As she bounded across the acres wide
To the spot where Molly, her pet, was tied;
And as she sped across the wold,
Repeated the law as she had been told:
"A barrel of beef and a single cow
Is what the laws of the land allow,

And I have two, so one must go!"
Then she swung her axe in one fierce blow,
And one of her cows was lying dead
On the grass, where a moment before it fed.
One soldier missed our Matty's face,
And hastened to find her hiding place,
When he saw the beast upon the ground
And knew the work of a fresh made wound.
Here Matty had dropped her axe, and now
Was standing beside her living cow,
And face to face with a bitter foe
She spoke her full heart's overflow:

"You have taken my fowls and oxen, and then
The sheep from the fold and the pigs from the pen,
The corn from the crib and the hay from the mow;
But you shall not take my only cow!
'Tis all I have, for the one at your feet,
I've killed her to furnish my barrel of meat."
'Round Molly's neck her arm she placed
And her dark eyes flashed in the soldier's face.

He drew his sword and, "Curse you" he said,
As he held it high above her head.
"I bid you quickly release your hold,
Or share the fate of the smitten fold!"
Only an instant she held her breath
At the shining blade, 'twixt her and death:
"You have met the foe in equal strife
Where swords were clashing—life for life—
And now on defenseless woman's head
The fierceness of your wrath you'd shed.
I stand undaunted, my child is near.
Would you take my life were your mother here?"
And just then tripping across the green,
Came a lovely maiden of seventeen.

The soldier looked in her earnest face,
And back the sword went to its place,
Saying "I, who've stood storming of shot and shell,
Now quail before a Vineyard belle.
You're the pluckiest woman I've ever met;
No harm shall come to you or your pet."
And soon he was marching across the Plain
With a kettle of brown bread from Matty's crane,
While Matty was having a little talk
About the dear new-fashioned clock.

"I do just hate to disturb it", she said;
"But I must have those weights of lead!"
And replacing with iron spikes their weight
She soon consigned them to their fate,
Saying, "Little I thought, at fifty years
I'd be running bullets for musketeers!"

Then working as with a purpose true,
She conquered, as was her wont to do;
And soon the bullets were on their way
To General Wolfe, across the Bay.
When word came back: "They'll be sure to hit
When mixed with such metal as Matty's grit!"
This is the story as told to me,
When the British were here by land and sea,
Of Grandmother's courage at threatened fate
In the Fall of seventeen seventy eight.

A SCRAP OF MARCHANT FAMILY HISTORY.

Grandmother was Matilda Dunham, and Miss Seventeen-year-old was Matilda II., an only child. She married John Marchant, a private in the Revolutionary ranks and a lieutenant in the War of 1812. He was taken prisoner at Newport, and

again at Sierra Leone whither he sailed in the privateer "Rambler". The vessel never returned.

A man was taken from a vessel in Edgartown harbor and imprisoned for some offense. While in jail he asked to see a member of the Marchant family, and Seth, the youngest son of John, above, called on him and was told the following story: "I am from Sierra Leone and can tell you the particulars of your father's imprisonment and death. He made a miniature sawmill for pastime; the officials saw it and told him if he would construct one that would saw logs they would give him \$200 and his liberty. The mill was completed and proved, they gave a party in his honor, and when the wine was poured Mr. Marchant's was poisoned and he died before morning." This interesting bit of information comes from the author of the poem.

MORE NOTES OF 'SEVENTY-SIX.

During the Revolution Edgartown is said to have had an appropriation for building a fort, but no one seems to know about it, and it is probable that no fort was built.

The following, copied from the Acts and Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts of



Where things come in hot off the griddle.

1784 and 1785 needs no explanatory note: "Jan. 31, 1785. Resolved * * * excepting such sum of money as was taken from the collector of the town of Edgartown by the British troops, being part of the monies collected to pay their public taxes for 1777."

OF THE WAR OF EIGHTEEN TWELVE.

Of the War of 1812 I have but one incident connected with the name of Edgartown. The inhabitants were, of course, always on the alert, as they were liable to a raid at any minute from British war vessels patrolling the coast, and usually the family plate and valuables were buried outside of the house or in the cellar. Many houses were provided with hiding places in the chimney or under the hearthstone, but the soldiers were apt to pry into such places, and the sand was generally regarded as the safest bank.

Capt. Robert Swazie lived on the bluff, facing the water, where now runs South Water Street, and his valuables had been carefully buried near a side door, in a spot that would about come in the middle of the present street and, say, fifty feet south of the Home Club. Notice of an intended raid had been received and the Captain was caught with a schooner in the harbor, a trap from which he could only run into the jaws of the Lion and so he did the next best thing by taking his vessel down through Katama Bay and hiding it behind the trees of Quahaug Point. Here, with her topmasts housed, she was completely concealed.

In the meantime the soldiers had landed from the man-o'-war, possibly the Nimrod which was the chief scourge of these waters, and in small bands were marauding through the village, as was their custom, and the Captain was not at home to

protect his house; but Mrs. Swazie had wit enough and to spare for the outmanœuvring of the pillagers. These, knowing the trust placed in Mother Earth, were in the habit of idly prodding the old lady's bosom with their bayonets as they went along, just on general principles—no harm to them could come of it and much good might. As they neared the dwelling Mrs. Swazie, who had her eye out, fearing lest some stray bayonet might strike the hidden hoard, determined to try a little game of diplomacy and, even as Mrs. Murray entertained the British officers while Washington's army was escaping across the island of Manhattan, she appeared at the door and invited all in for refreshments. Of course they came, and when the entertainment was over and they were ready to bid the hospitable lady good bye she kindly let them out of a door on the other side of the house from the buried treasure and sent them on their way rejoicing, while she rejoiced in her own way.

But the Captain hardly fared as well, for the British tars, with an instinct that savored of foreknowledge, made straight down the bay for Quahaug Point and promptly found the schooner, which they as promptly burned. Now the ease with which they found him out convinced the Captain that some one among his neighbors had been playing the spy, but he was never quite sure who the villain was, and was fain to content himself with expatiating on how many kinds of things he would do to the culprit, should he ever have the opportunity. It is said that he was quite emphatic on the subject, but modesty or something else forbade the gentleman making himself known.

WHALES AND WHALING.

No account of Edgartown would be complete which left

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unsung praise of the whale and whaling, the industry that made the place a busy and important port, and yet it can be but lightly touched on in such brief space.

This service made the American seaman the best in the world, and this was so well recognized that the great Burke paid him the following compliment:—

“No ocean but what is vexed with their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland nor the activity of France nor the dextrous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this

perilous mode of hardy enterprise to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people—a people who are still, as it were, in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.”



Whalers lying at the dock.

A COMPLIMENT TO VINEYARD MEN.

Here is another compliment from the pen of Mr. J. Hector

St. John in 1782—this time paid direct to Vineyard sailormen. He observes no great amount of drunkenness and debauchery on the part of returned whalemén: "On the contrary all was peace here, and a general decency prevailed throughout; the reason I believe is, that almost everybody here is married, for they get wives very young; and the pleasure of returning to their families" absorbs every other desire. The motives that lead them to the sea are very different from those of most other seafaring men. It is neither idleness nor profligacy that sends them to that element; it is a settled plan of life, a well-founded hope of earning a livelihood. * * *

"Here I found without gloom a decorum and reserve, so natural to them, that I thought myself in Philadelphia." It is "a Pennsylvania farmer" who is writing.

"Never was a bee hive more faithfully employed in gathering wax, bee-bread and honey from all the neighboring fields than are the members of this society. * * *

"They were once nearly related; their different degrees of prosperity is what has caused the various shades of their community. But this accidental difference has introduced, as yet, neither arrogance nor pride on the one part, nor meanness and servility on the other." And this holds as good to-day as it did 125 years ago. On the Vineyard

"A man's a man for a' that."

EARLY DAYS.

"A dead whale or a stove boat" was the popular song as the crew pulled away for the chase, and the spirit typified by the song ran through the entire business. At first whales were pursued in small boats from the shore, but by 1712 the fishermen were building vessels "to whale out in the deep". The

writer has heard somewhere of folks who whaled out in the woodshed, but that may have been for some wholly different purpose, and curiously enough, as we understand it, the more success the less joy or, as "Purchas his Pilgrimes" puts it, "the



Whaler "Grayhound." The last whale-ship to carry single top-sails.

miserable, disastrous success thereof". By 1760 the great fish had become so scarce that shore whaling was abandoned. Between 1771 and 1775 the Vineyard had twelve vessels engaged in the industry, but so hard had been their luck that ten to fifteen years later the islanders gave up all pretense of owning vessels and turned to farming. In fact Hudson (N. Y.) was one of the results of this depression. It was settled in

1783 by Edgartown, Nantucket, Providence and Newport whalers who desired a port that British highwaymen could not raid.

The small vessels employed on short whaling voyages in the Atlantic were known as "plum-pudn'rs", but as time went on and the vessels increased in size, the voyages were extended to all parts of the watery world, and many are the stories of hardship and adventure handed down from father to son. The position of master of a whaler was one of honor and trust and great responsibility; his word was law, and where he willed he could go. The owners trusted him with limitless power; his draft in foreign ports bound every individual owner in the ship for the full amount of his disbursements, though these might easily absorb his all, and few were the cases where the confidence thus reposed was not justified.

SOME EDGARTOWN WHALE SHIPS.

The first recorded whaling voyage from Edgartown occurred in 1765, when the schooner "Lydia", Peter Pease, master, sailed to Davis Straits.

In 1838 eighty masters of whale ships hailed from Edgartown.

In 1860 the following whaling craft hailed from this port:

Ships—"Almira", "Champion", "Europa", "Mary", "Navigator", "Ocmulgee", "Omega", "Richard Mitchell", "Splendid", "Vineyard" and "Walter Scott"; barks—"American", "Ellen", "Eureka", "Louisa Sears" and "Rose Pool"; schooners—"E. A. Luce" and "Washington".

In the appalling disaster in the Arctic in September, 1871, the Edgartown ships "Mary" and "Champion" were among those crushed by the ice.

Edgartown has furnished the following five quartets of brothers who were whaleship masters:—

Ariel, Gilbert, John N. and Philander Smith.

Thomas H., Henry C., Jeremiah and Shubael Norton.

David N., Benjamin, Tristram P. and William Ripley.

Rufus F., Francis, Josiah C. and George Pease.

John, Owen, Gamaliel and Charles W. Fisher.

The industry reached its zenith about 1846, when Edgartown had nineteen vessels engaged therein. The "Apollo" was the first whaleship owned in Edgartown; she sailed July 5, 1816, but proved to be a rotten old hulk, which was only kept alive by the constant use of a stomach pump.

THE PROSPEROUS DAYS OF OIL.

One who wrote much for the Gazette of his "Boyhood memories of Edgartown" naturally has considerable to say concerning the prosperous days of oil. Nearly all of the Nantucket whalers used to unload and fit out at the Edgartown wharves. Vineyard men were in great demand for captains, officers and crews, they being considered the best navigators and whalers in the world. In fact this was the port of that "fluke-tailed" island (Nantucket).

In those days the New Bedford packet would signal good or bad news by flying a large ship's flag if she brought home the captain and crew of some returned whaler, or if the news was of disaster her flag was at half mast. Then was there an anxious hour for every family in the place as she slowly made her way into and up the harbor, for all had friends and relatives on the deep.

Wharves were filled with long tiers of casks of oil, and on the fields were stored more casks, covered with bleaching sea

weed, ships were coming in and ships were weighing anchor, vessels were freighting oil to Nantucket and New Bedford, and a mob of returned sailors and green hands just starting on a first voyage was everywhere. The result was activity in every branch of business: The old bake house was in full blast, baking hardtack by the cask full, and the stores then were mostly below the "four corners", hugging close to the harbor shore.

THE SEAMY SIDE.

There are a number of well-known disasters in which Edgartown men were interested, concerning one or two of which no more than the briefest mention can be made. On September 25, 1852, the whale ship "Citizen", Capt. Thomas Howes Norton of Edgartown, master, was wrecked on the icy shores of the Arctic Ocean, and captain and crew lived for nine months with the natives, suffering the tortures of starvation and of freezing, until those who remained alive were reduced to the last extremity.

The ship "Globe", commanded by Capt. Thomas Worth, son of the Mexican War hero, sailed from Edgartown in the twenties. In the Pacific the crew mutinied and killed the captain and officers.



How different now from the busy days of whaling.

FISH NOTES.

During the Summer of 1852 553 swordfish were taken by Edgartown fishermen, and in March, 1853, a codfish weighing 75 pounds was caught off the south side.

In 1858, from May 28th to July 1st, 137,753 pounds of fresh bluefish were sold by local fishermen to vessels from Connecticut; this did not take into account home consumption.



Fish Notes.

NORTH WATER STREET.

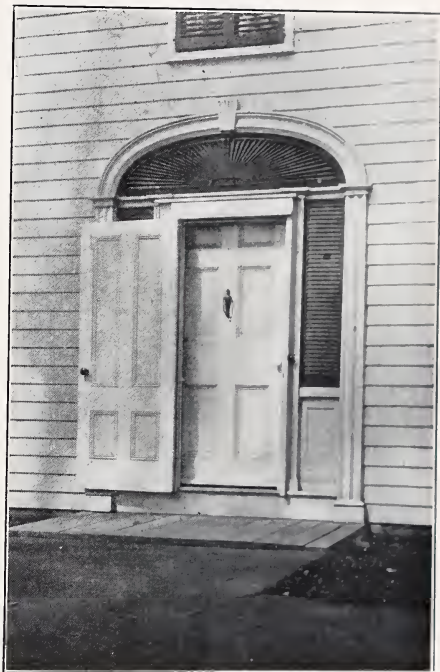
On North Water Street all the older houses on the west side of the street, and there were only houses on the west side in the old days, are set at a slight angle with the roadway. No one knows why it is so, but the theory is that this was originally done that each might have a better view over the harbor, and so the more readily see returning whalers as they rounded Cape Poge.

ANECDOTES.

The Edgartown poorhouse once had an inmate, an old lady

who had outlived her family and friends, but one who was evidently not anticipating an early demise, for she steadfastly refused to sit in cold weather by the warm fire in the living room, always remaining in her own cheerless apartment. When pressed for a reason, the only reply was that "the time may come when I shall have no fire to go to". Just what her process of reasoning was is not clear, but it was evidently satisfactory to herself.

One of the ancient standard village jokes referred to those who worshiped in a building unadorned with any steeple. These were said to belong to "an un-towered generation".



On North Water Street. One of the few fine old door ways that have been preserved to Edgartown.

STORIES OF FOLKS.

Peter Folger, before mentioned, once addressed the court as follows: "Your Honor, if you knew the witness as well as I



Here Squire Cooke lived and held petty Court. It was once common remark that so and so "would have their rights if there was any law in Cooke's house".

when he would walk up and down the aisle waving his danger flag while warning of trouble to come. It is related how one evening, arising to speak he said that he had had a bad dream and its relation might help some poor sinner present, which may have been a sly dig at the boys who regularly crowded in to hear what new thing

do, or half as well as God does, you would not believe a word he says."

Richard E. Norton, a great exhorter among the Baptists, could only speak in the weekly prayer meeting if he had a handkerchief in his hand to flourish. If by chance he had none of his own, he must borrow before he could proceed,



The former home of Squire Harrison Mayhew.

Richard had to say. He dreamed that he died and presented himself to St. Peter, who said that he did not know him and that there was no place there for him. "Why", says the applicant, "not know me? I am Richard E. Norton, of Edgartown, for forty years a leader in the Baptist Society. There must be some mistake." "No", came the answer, "we do not know you and have no place for you here", so he turned sadly away, astounded and dejected, and started slowly down the hill, but on a sudden came an inspiration, and he hurried back to the guardian of the Heavenly Gates and said: "St. Peter, it has come to me why you do not know me. Now, St. Peter, do you not think you have mixed me up with my brother Jim?" And then, looking around the audience: "I awoke and was glad enough to know that it was but a dream." The joke lay in the fact that brother Jim was something of a backslider and a thorn in the side of good Deacon Richard.

REV. JOSEPH THAXTER.

The Reverend Joseph Thaxter of blessed memory served as chaplain during the revolutionary struggle, and in 1780 became pastor of the Edgartown church. At one time he was the only clergyman and physician on the island, for he healed both bodily and spiritual ills, and for many years he once each week walked the eight miles between Edgartown



"Rev. Joseph Thaxter, A.E. 73".

once each week walked the eight miles between Edgartown

and Holmes Hole to preach on Sunday evening. He was the best bone-setter on the island. His charges were: "If rich—seventy-five cents; if poor—nothing." His salary was at first \$500 per annum. This was later reduced to \$275, but as he "did not preach for money", the cut in no wise made him discontented. In fact his wants were few; he believed that "brown bread and black tea were good enough for ministers".

"Parson Thaxter" was one of the best beloved men that ever put foot on the island, and was a well-known and honored man beyond its borders. At the laying of the corner stone of the Bunker Hill monument he was not only invited to be present, but asked to offer the prayer, and that prayer has been quoted many times. He was at times frank to a degree, as, when one of his deacons being asked concerning the weather prospects and rejoining that he did not know, as he was not very weather-wise, the Parson rejoined: "No, nor much otherwise."

The Parson's granddaughter, who still lives in Edgartown, has a large number of interesting relics of the man, including a small oil painting that is a treasure. From his tomb we learn that the Rev. Joseph Thaxter "was born in Hingham, May 4, 1744. In July, 1768, he took his first degree at Cambridge College. After having made considerable attainments in the study and practice of medicine, he was induced to devote himself to the study of divinity. He commenced preaching in 1771, and on the 8th of November, 1780, he was ordained



Parson Thaxter's watch key and guard, and a charm containing a curious double-pointed instrument.

pastor of the church at Edgartown by the unanimous voice of the Church and Town. His success in the ministry was very great. During the first year 55 were added to the church and 147 were baptized." He "was distinguished as a Patriot and a Philanthropist. He was on Concord Bridge the 19th of April, 1775. In June, 1776, he joined the army as Chaplain to Prescott's Regiment, and was at Cambridge, White Plains and North River. He was also in New Jersey till March, 1777. While in the army his medical knowledge and skill, and his zeal in the cause of humanity, rendered him eminently useful. He made the first prayer at Bunker Hill, June 7, 1825."

MAJOR-GENERAL WORTH.

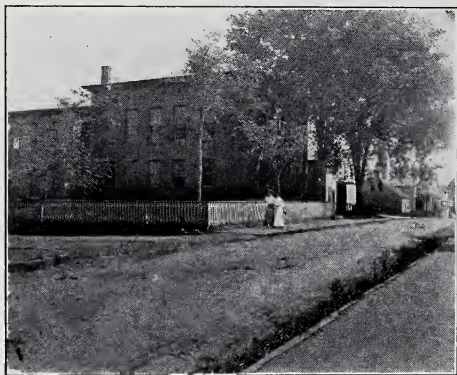
William Jenkins Worth, Major General of the United States Army, was an Edgartown boy to all intents and purposes, though born at Hudson, N. Y., March 1, 1794, during the temporary residence there of his parents, they being Edgartown people. Returning to Edgartown he was baptized by the Rev. Joseph Thaxter, April 8, 1804. His father, Capt. Thomas Worth, built the house on Water Street long known as the Gibbs House, and Norton Hotel, and here for a time the future hero of two wars—1812 and with Mexico—resided.

SOME 'FORTY-NINERS.

In '49 many Edgartowners sailed away on the "Mary Anne" for the gold fields of 'Frisco, but whether they ever came back or not, and, if so, under what condition of pocket, I have yet to learn.

A TALE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

As we walk along South Water Street, we are pretty sure to spy over a boathouse door the "quarter-board" of the old whaler "Ocmulgee", a martyr to the cause of freedom.



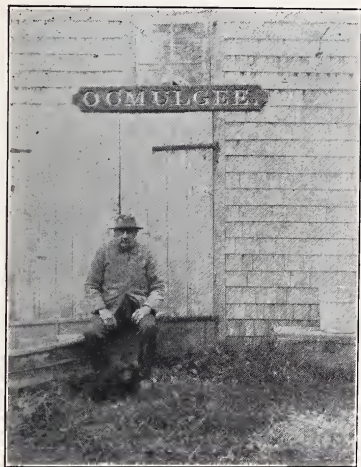
The Dukes County Court House, 1858.

From 1859 to 1861 Raphael Semmes, of the United States Navy, was secretary to the Lighthouse Board, and during this period he spent considerable time at and in the neighborhood of the Vineyard, making his headquarters so far as possible at Edgartown, and naturally his position

brought him in contact with the best people of the place, and among others with the Osborn family, where there was quite a flock of young folks. Semmes was a man of education and intelligence, made friends easily, and became quite popular with the Osborn household.

When the Civil War broke out Semmes, being a native of Maryland, cast in his lot with the South, and in due time was given command of the cruiser "Alabama", which was fitted out in England to prey on Northern shipping. About this time the whaleship "Ocmulgee", in which Mr. Osborn was a large shareholder, was fitted out for a voyage and placed in command of a son, Abraham Osborn. And fate decreed that the paths of the one-time friends should again cross, though under very different circumstances. The whaler proceeded to the neighborhood of the Azores, where she had a captured whale alongside, and was cutting it in (September 5, 1862) when a strange ves-

sel hove in sight. She attracted notice from her peculiar manœuvres, but all hands were busy, and no great attention was paid to her. It seems that the "Ocmulgee", like many another vessel of those days, had painted ports along her sides in order to make her appear like an armed ship, and the "Alabama", for such was the stranger, spent some time in ascertaining the true character of the whaleship.



Captain Osborn and the quarterboard of the Ocmulgee.

Finally a boat was dispatched which, learning that the vessel was of American register, notified Captain Osborn that he was a prisoner of war. It was a good deal of a shock, but there was nothing to be done, and the officers and crew were taken to the "Alabama" while the pirates proceeded to burn the ship. Osborn, of course, had no idea

who was in command of his captor, and his surprise can safer be imagined than expressed when he was confronted with Semmes, who no doubt was equally surprised at the identity of this his first victim, for the "Ocmulgee" was the first prize taken by the rebel cruiser.

Once he understood the situation, however, Captain Osborn proceeded to relieve his mind in a way that was highly distasteful to Semmes, who did not enjoy being taunted in such

hearty fashion for thus returning the former hospitality of the Osborns, and he promptly clapped the Captain in irons, where he could cool off at his leisure, and thus closed the incident.

It is some satisfaction to know that the scandalous manner in which England broke the neutrality laws, principally in the Alabama case, cost her \$15,500,000.

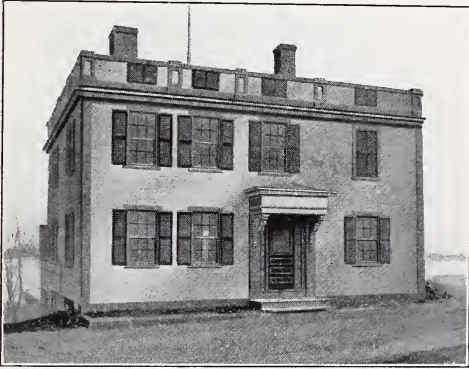
THE MARTHA'S VINEYARD RAILROAD.



The last sad remains of the M. V. R. R.

There is not much left in these days to show for the Martha's Vineyard Railroad, which once connected Oak Bluffs with the South Shore by way of Edgartown, and there will be still less by the time this book is written, for the dilapidated re-

mains of the Edgartown station are already on their way down. The railroad was opened with a great flourish, the trial trip being made on August 22, 1874, when it is said that even the horses along the route turned somersaults and climbed trees in their enthusiasm as the engine went snorting by. But, oh! what a difference now. Enthusiasm is a mighty good thing, but it does not pay expenses or dividends, and while the whole island was jubilant, and wanted to ride once, folks got over the novelty of it in short order, and traffic during the short Summer season was not sufficient to meet the demands of creditors. In other words, it did not figure out such a long-felt want as was hoped.



The comfortable Home Club.

THE HOME CLUB

Every place has its talk-centre. In the old days this was the so-called Corn Exchange, where the principal commodity was language and every member a capitalist, but of late the Home Club has come into being, and those with ideas to exchange

naturally drift through its welcoming doors and gather on the shady veranda or around its blazing hearthstone, according to season. The building is probably seventy-five or eighty years old, and was for long the home of Capt. Alexander Fisher, an old-time whaleman. The writer has an October memory of the ample hearth and its bright wood fire that invites to social converse and comfort galore. Much of the material in this volume is due to a series of evenings



Main Street from the wharf.

thus pleasantly spent within the circle of its generous hospitality, a circle where even the stranger is allowed to poke the fire.

The club is accessible to Summer residents as well as to those to the Vineyard born, and thus is both a popular and populous centre of attraction the year round, with interests that radiate from one end of the country to the other, while, of course, "yon bark that goes where traffic blows", or where blows that greasy old friend of Edgartown's prosperous days, is a never ending source of story and reminiscence.

Among the club's treasures is an interesting reminder of the late unpleasantness with Spain—the masthead light of Admiral Cervera's flagship, which was done to death in a shell game on the southern coast of Cuba.

MR. RICHARD L. PEASE.

While the limits of this book prohibit the taking up all of the notable characters the island has produced, the writer feels so indebted to Mr. Richard L. Pease for the many facts he has stored in the pages of the Gazette that it is but fair to give him due credit. Mr. Pease died September 2, 1888, aged 74 years, after a long and varied career as teacher, Representative in the Legislature—and after having filled numerous town offices. His reputation as a historian was not confined to Martha's Vineyard. Prof. Alexander Graham Bell "found him a perfect mine of information". His mother was Polly Luce of Tisbury, his father Isaiah D. Pease, forty years sheriff of the county.

At the age of 19 Mr. Pease took charge of the town school, leaving that to represent the town in the Massachusetts House of Representatives, then learned the art of surveying from his uncle, Jeremiah Pease, and followed that business. Was Register of the Probate Court, a Justice of the Peace, clerk of

the courts of the county. At the time of the drafts, in 1863, Mr. Pease was one of the three men who had charge of the drawing of names in New Bedford. He was a Grant presidential elector, was Commissioner for the Indians at Gay Head, and surveyed their lands; was Postmaster of Edgartown, Auditor of Town Accounts, and with it all found time to be the historian, antiquarian and genealogist of the island.



They christened my brother of old—
And a saintly name he bears—
They gave him his place to hold
At the head of the belfry stairs,
Where the minster-towers stand
And the breeding kestrels cry
Would I change with my brother a league inland?
(*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

KIPLING.

EDGARTOWN TO OAK BLUFFS.

IN THE DIRECTION OF WEST TISBURY.

And now we will move afield.

As we come to the burial ground on the one hand and the little park wherein stands the monument to the Civil War heroes on the other, we find a guide board pointing two ways: West Tisbury and Oak Bluffs, or Cottage City, as the old board still reads, and as we shall travel by way of Oak Bluffs, it will be necessary to digress for a few moments along the older road toward the west.

The writer has a very distinct recollection of the mean trick he played on himself in the days of the bicycle, when he attempted this road from Edgartown to West Tisbury. It may be better now—he has not been over it since—but then it was a series of deep little gullies where horses or wagon wheels went, with the beginnings of a scrub oak forest on each small ridge. One could not only not ride a wheel along this bicyclist's inferno, he could not even push it, because narrow was the way and deep were the tracks. Mere words fail to express the impression left by that day's experience.

By consulting the road map one will find a track that worries down to the head of Wintucket Cove, from whence Edgartown draws its water; in fact there is a network of farm roads, with occasional gates to open and close, all through this southern part of the island, many of which do not show on any map,

and they all furnish attractive suggestions for small-sized excursions.

SUBMERGED FORESTS.

In Wintucket Cove and in Janes Cove adjoining are to be found under the water the stumps of great trees that small boats sometimes ground on. These are relics of an ancient forest which go to show that the land has sunk from its former high position, as these trees must have attained their growth above high water mark. The same thing is found on the shore of Vineyard Haven harbor, and possibly at other points on the island, while well out in Vineyard Sound it is stated that anchors have brought up tree tops, indicating a former forest.



The Mayhew Tablet on the road from Edgartown to West Tisbury.

THE THOMAS MAYHEW TABLET.

About half way to West Tisbury on the south side of the road stands the tableted rock marking the spot where Thomas Mayhew, Jr., took leave of the Indians when about to start on his fatal trip for England.

LITTLE POND.

Another track through this scrub oak wilderness is a half-moon known as Doctor Fisher's Road, built by a gentleman of the name to connect his mill in Tisbury, where water power is to be had, with Edgartown. Along this is situated a drop of water known as Little Pond, which has a somewhat fabulous interest through its legendary ability to reverse the laws of nature. The pond is about 120 feet above high water, and though small for its age, has never been known to go dry; there is no fresh or salt water near it and not a brooklet runs into or out of it. Now the legend is that when a Summer is particularly wet the pond is some two feet lower than is the case in a particularly dry spell, and the cause is thought a very pretty mystery. Dr. Freeman rather attempts to break the spell when he says: "Those, who during a hundred years have conveyed it from one mouth to another, have probably been too much pleased with the wonderful tale to give themselves the trouble to examine into its truth."

THE OLD ROAD TO HOLMES HOLE.

Now if we start once more from that double-pointing guide board, this time for Oak Bluffs, there shortly appears on the left the one time main road to Holmes Hole and to Eastville, which, once safely passed, we can nowhere go but to Oak Bluffs.

BY WAY OF THE STATE ROAD.



Gathering sea weed on the shore of Sengেকontacket.

Professor Shaler says that "Sengেকontacket Pond was originally a broad bay which has been barred from the sea by a wall beach of sand", and it is along this beach that our highway proceeds with water close on either hand. The road has one and only one drawback: It is a good road, and consequently much affected by the automobile, whose in-

decident haste prevents its occupants from enjoying the view and fills the eyes and clothes of less rapid citizens with dust and distress. However there are moments when, free from this annoyance, we can look off over the great expanse of Vineyard Sound across the watery waste of Squash Meadow and Hedge Fence, or, on the other hand, across the lesser waters of the pond and to its further shore, Weeks Neck, Majors Cove or Farm Neck, where formerly stood on

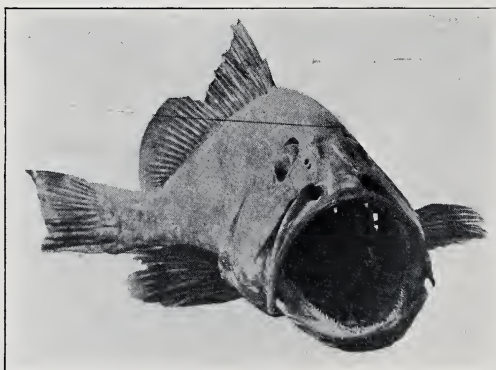


The great expanse of Vineyard Sound.

the Butler meadow a mill for grinding tanbark, and still stands the one time home of Ichabod Norton.

IN PRAISE OF CUNNERS.

As the bridge over the pond's outlet is crossed we are likely to see one or more fishermen pulling in great store of cunners. Some folks eat these things under the impression that they are intended for food, and I have heard them called salt water perch by such, but in the opinion of the writer they are only fit for the food of their betters in watery society, and as the catching of them consists in a twitch of the line and the pulling up of an undemonstrative wiggle, there is no great excitement about it or sport, but already the cunner occupies more space than he is entitled to.



Abide with me.

OAK BLUFFS AND THE CAMP MEETING GROUNDS.

Soon Oak Bluffs begins to open ahead; that Oak Bluffs which was once a Butler sheep pasture, and now that the sheep are gone, grown thick and rank with the cottages of the Summer population.

This is the natural growth of the camp meeting, started in 1835. which has spread from a preacher's platform and a few rough seats to a community where, during the Summer, many thousands dwell together in unity. Jeremiah Pease, of Edgartown, it was who selected the site of the "Wesleyan Grove" camp ground, "a grove of venerable oaks", the property of William Butler. "Such another spot can hardly be found on earth so nearly resembling Eden in its primeval beauty and loveliness." The first meeting was opened here August 24, 1835, and since then meetings have been held yearly with the single exception of 1845. For a long time Mr. Butler made no charge for the use of his grounds. It was an open-air meeting, with rough board seats, the people sleeping in church tents placed in a circle around the main meeting place. The first service was conducted by Rev. Thomas C. Pierce; sixty-five persons were converted during the week.

At the meeting of 1844 an appeal was made for money to enable a colored woman present to purchase the freedom of her son. About \$60 was secured, more than was asked for.

In 1850 the grounds were re-leased for a term of eleven

years at a yearly rental of \$30. In 1851 there were about 100 tents and from 3,500 to 4,000 worshipers. At this meeting "an aged sea captain of the vicinity, who owned much of the land leased for the convenience of our meetings" was converted, while on the other hand "a few of the baser sort occasionally gave some slight intimations that the old man still lived".

In 1855 some 200 tents dotted the grove, about 150 being family tents, but this year it was voted "That no one hereafter be allowed to have a family tent on this ground unless he be approved as a suitable person to do so by the church in his vicinity, he being a member or not as the case may be", this in order that the family tent custom be not "abused by irreligious persons to the injury of the camp meetings". In 1856 the ownership of the grounds changed hands and the good brethren in 1857 considered the advisability of a change of location in view of the high value set by the new owner, but in 1858 matters were adjusted and a new lease effected to commence at the termination of the old in 1861 and to run for ten years, with privilege to buy at the market value of the land.

By 1860 this had become the largest meeting of the kind in the world, streets were being regularly laid out and permanent tent frames erected. The place began to take on the appearance of a health and pleasure resort, and numbers of people came weeks before the time set for the meeting.

A new organization was recommended with a "committee of laymen". A name was chosen—"the Martha's Vineyard Camp Meeting Association".

In 1861 seats with backs were the innovation.

In 1862 the "Camp Meeting Herald" was issued, the first paper of the kind in the world.

In 1864 "acres of grove south of the old encampment laid out and lotted" for "hundreds of tents and cottages".

In 1866 more than 16,000 persons were present, and people began to come by the 10th of July.

In 1869 the oaks in the grove being old and having lost much foliage an awning was constructed over the seats. This appears to have been the first year the Hutchinson family sang—many will recall them. "The Vineyard Grove Company" was formed and "The Vineyard Highlands" named.

Since then progress has been steady and rapid. A high picket fence was built around the grounds and during the meeting week the gates were closed at an early hour each evening. No stores, except for absolute necessities, were allowed within the fence—hence Circuit Avenue, which skirted the outer walls.

OAK BLUFFS.

Those coming to meetings, seeing that the land was good for



The "Consecrated" tree, Hartford Park, Oak Bluffs. Picture taken in 1884.

Summer purposes, formed the Oak Bluffs Association in 1867, and the land nearer the water was laid out in streets and lots. The first time the writer visited the island, as a very small boy with his parents, a cottage on Circuit Avenue was occupied, and that year lots on Hartford Park, almost opposite the "Consecrated Tree", were purchased and a cottage erected. At that time this cottage was the nearest one to the water, but the region began to fill up so rapidly that in three years it was becoming too crowded, and a new dwelling place was selected on the borders of the Lagoon, near Vineyard Haven.



Watching the bathers.

In 1868 the first hotel, the Oak Bluffs House, was erected.

In 1869 the first "illumination" occurred and the Foxboro Brass Band added to the commotion. The scene and sounds are said to have suggested "the shining

shore".

Then came the Sea View Hotel, the Union Chapel and the railroad to Edgartown, and life was full.

OAK BLUFFS TO VINEYARD HAVEN.



The Oak Bluffs harbor.

VINEYARD HIGHLANDS.

In 1869-70 a new colony was started on the high land of East Chop, a large wooded area being reserved for preaching services. Shortly after Squash Meadow Pond was divided by the present road, that portion on the west being thereafter known as Jordan, sometimes Sunset Lake, while the eastern waters were

Lake Anthony and, later, when a passage was dredged through the beach, Oak Bluffs harbor.

In 1875 steps were taken to organize a Baptist camp meeting here, and a year later the "Baptist Vineyard Association" was in full swing.

TO VINEYARD HAVEN.

The interesting way to move on Vineyard Haven from Oak Bluffs is along the brow of East Chop and the harbor shore. This stretch, to and including West Chop, is as beautiful and

varied as the Atlantic coast affords and, including as it does the legends and history and local lore of the harbor, the Lagoon and old Holmes Hole, can furnish forth many an attractive hour.

The short cut as the trolley goes to Eastville is merely a means to an end.

BATTLE OF THE HEDGE STAKES.

At the very start we pitch into the midst of war and war's alarms for, where is now the Highland bathing beach, once raged "The Battle of the Hedge Stakes", an incident of the War of 1812. Here, in an inauspicious moment, a coasting schooner stranded when a British man of war was hovering out in the Sound. As the enemy made a point of destroying all shipping in the effort to cripple the colonies, the Englishman was prompt to seize the opportunity offered and lowered away a boat for the plunder and burning of the helpless schooner. But word of the impending trouble was carried throughout the country, and before the boat could reach its intended victim the farmers were flocking in on horseback or afoot. Few had arms, but a hedge fence bordering a nearby field offered its stakes, and these were promptly distributed to the resolute islanders, who reached the schooner before the attacking party could do any damage, and literally clubbed the British off, for so impetuous was their onslaught that the single boat load of tars was forced to retire defeated of its purpose. Every island man was a sailor as well as farmer and with so many willing hands the vessel was soon floated and out of danger.

FROM EAST CHOP.

Now a fight does not put us in a proper frame of mind for what is to come so we must mount the hill slowly in order to



The New York Yacht Club passing East Chop.

cool off and be prepared for the beauty and magnificence of the view for, as we reach the higher level, at our feet is the vast expanse of Vineyard Sound, an enchantment of opalescent color, of white caps or doldrums, of catboats and steamers and tows and schooners, and across the five miles of water the scattering villages of the Cape. Never twice alike and ever beautiful.

THE WASTING OF EAST CHOP.

On the eastern side of East Chop Prof. Henry L. Whiting, who first mapped the island in 1845-6, found that the bluff, which has a height here of about 80 feet, retreated 75 feet between 1845 and 1871, or at the rate of 3 feet per annum. In these years 13,000,000 cubic feet of earth and stones were washed away by the strong currents, a large portion being carried into Vineyard Haven harbor.

THE "VINEYARD SOUND RIVER".

Professor Shaler writes that the streams of the northern shore of the island suggest that when the land was at a higher level they entered a large stream occupying the central part of

the broad valley now covered by Vineyard Sound, this valley being presumably excavated by river action, which river probably had its source on the southern side of Cape Cod. And that the position of another stream is perhaps traceable in the Muskeget Channel, which separates this island from Nantucket. "It is likely that to the inosculation of the headwaters of these two rivers we owe the formation of the channel which now separates the islands from Cape Cod. Though Nantucket may have been cut out by the tidal currents." It can only be a coincidence that an Indian legend should seem to bear out the Professor's theory, but it is interesting to note such a one. The legend has to do with the fabled giant Moshop, and is to the effect that in the long ago this island was joined to the mainland and that Moshop, coming home after a long and weary tramp, dragged one of his heavy feet upon the ground, and



Nothing can cut out the view.

that his great toe cut a deep channel to the sea which the tidal waters filled and soon began to wash out the land until it became as at present. The Indian legends have attached themselves to Gay Head and the South Shore, but this one seems to fit in here fairly well.

THE VISTA.

The way lies so

close to the edge of the bluff that nothing can cut out the view, where the great ships go sailing by and where the many tints of the water suggest to the practical mind its depth, to the poetic the home of mystery and wonder. It is interesting to close one's eyes and imagine what this road would have been like in pre-Vineyard Sound days, even before East Chop was the sheep pasture of Ebenezer Smith, and when this was merely a swell of land and no salt water within many miles. Before we reach the lighthouse a glance across the mouth of the harbor shows the tower of the West Chop light glistening in the morning sun, while Falmouth, the old mainland port of the Vineyard, "whence a ferry boat (in 1807) conveys the traveler to Holmes Hole", crowns a sand bluff across the waters.

THE EAST CHOP LIGHT.



East Chop Light.

How much of interest and romance has swept up and down this highway of the coast during the past four hundred years, and what legends cling to it—of Norsemen, Dutchmen, Spanish pirates and prowling English war vessels that scourged these islands in '76 and 1812.

The history of the East Chop Light is an interesting one. But long before that time a semaphore stood here that gos-

siped whaling news with Chappaquidick, and so to Nantucket. The government long refused to consider the placing of a light at this spot, but finally granted permission to private enterprise, and when Silas Daggett took hold and began to push the scheme went through. Mr. Daggett secured small subscriptions from the several steamship lines passing through the Sound and from such sailing vessels as entered the harbor, visiting each and explaining the situation. The response was prompt, as the warning was needed, and when the Lighthouse Board concluded to take it over and bought out its proprietor, that gentleman is said to have retired with quite a snug sum.

THE DOUBLE SHORE LINE.



The double shore line near Eastville. The outer strip where the road runs accounts for part of the wash from East Chop.

The road winds back of the lighthouse, and as we begin to descend there is the panorama of the harbor spread for us. And now we can see in the double shore line what has become of much of that sand that East Chop has been deprived of, for below is a small, fresh water pond,

whose southeastern bank was once the harbor shore, while now the road travels the new made shore some hundreds of feet further out.

THE HARBOR.

In the good old days the coasting trade was handled almost exclusively by schooners, and all of it went through Vineyard Sound—a great fleet daily. Thus every shift of wind meant a filling up of the harbor with vessels that wished to go the other way, and thought it well to wait for a favoring breeze. Methods of transportation have changed during the past thirty years and the picturesque sailing craft are steadily disappearing. Strings of barges are now more frequent and the sails less so, though occasionally even now a long continued head wind will temporarily bring back the old times.

While vessels are less numerous the carrying capacity of those now doing the business is so much greater that the values transported are colossal. During last Winter's ice age the *Gazette* reported 41 loaded barges with over 50,000 tons of coal under the hatches, and 20 ocean-going tugs stalled in Vineyard Haven harbor at one time, representing a value of \$2,500,000. A coal barge may be a dirty and unpicturesque old thing to gaze on, but it seems to represent a considerable investment.

When one looks down on such a fleet at night with all its riding lights gleaming it seems like a city set on a hill slope



In a reflective mood.

and the ghostly uncertainty of the few sails left up help along the delusion. The sounds that are brought by the gentle breezes, the voices of the birds in the trees and the cries of the feathered fishermen mingled with calls from the vessels or the laughter of a party on the road below (for we are still looking down from East Chop) transforms even the most prosaic traveler into a dreamer. Even the roar of the trolley is turned to music. It is a Summer day's dream of peace and beauty, with the distant village sleeping on the western slope and the foreground a moving scene of vessels and laughter.

MR. COUSINS.

Before we become too peacefully hilarious, however, it may be well to introduce Mr. Cousins, of Eastville, a patriot of the Revolution, but too delicate to stand the hardships of a soldier's life. The fact that he could not go when men were so needed at the front wrought upon his sensibilities (for they were as sensitive as his body) until he was almost ashamed to meet his fellow man. But his pent up feelings finally found an outlet in a British war vessel which one day dropped anchor about half way over to Falmouth. Mr. Cousins then got out his old flint-lock and, proceeding to the nearest point on the shore, began to blaze away in right good earnest, loading and firing as rapidly as possible all day long, not that it would disturb the enemy—he knew his old blunderbuss could not reach half the distance, and that he could not by any possibility harm the ship—but, when asked why he was wasting so much good powder and lead, he responded that “it was to show his colors”. The poor fellow could no doubt have faced death in such a cause with a smile and yet have been as tender as a girl over the hurt of a kitten. Of such fine clay are few men made.



Old school ship St. Mary's in Vineyard Haven Harbor. Sent to the junk heap in 1908.

HIGH ROLLERS.

Our road now travels the new sands where the water is but a toss away—so near that its little rippling waves can readily be heard as they patter on the shore, and shortly we come to the old wharf where the New York and Portland boats once stopped. Some very seasick memories cling about those old boats. Even Capt. Bragg, of the “Fran-

conia”, once admitted in a moment of relaxation that “the blankety blank old thing would roll while she was lying at the dock”. The old landing is now a station of the New York Yacht Club, and it is here that the Club frequently ends its Summer cruises, staying twenty-four hours or less and adding its evening illumination to the general gaiety of the harbor.

EASTVILLE.

Here the road turns up the slope to the trolley track, where it's “westward, ho!” again and we pass back of two or three rather pretentious cottages before swinging down to the water's edge once more. But before going quite so far we will stop a moment in front of the Eastville Inn, for this is Eastville, the terminus of one of the oldest highways on the island.

The Eastville Inn was an old tavern, celebrated in more ways than one, for Ebenezer Smith kept it and he knew how, and Mrs. Smith appears to have been a housekeeper such as

lives only in story books. Her floors were washed once a week with skim-milk that they might shine as her floors must shine, and the way she brought up her fifteen children shown forth gloriously in the result, and if result is the thing to look at, certainly the Smith family was a satisfactory example, for of the sons four were masters of ships to the Pacific Ocean and a fifth made one voyage, while of the sons-in-law three were masters of ships to the Pacific Ocean and a fourth made one voyage. Of the grandsons five were masters of ships and of the grandsons-in-law (if such there be) three were masters of ships. It would have been difficult to throw a stick into a crowd in these parts and not hit a Captain Smith, or his Captain brother-in-law.

HE WHO COMMANDED THE CHESAPEAKE.

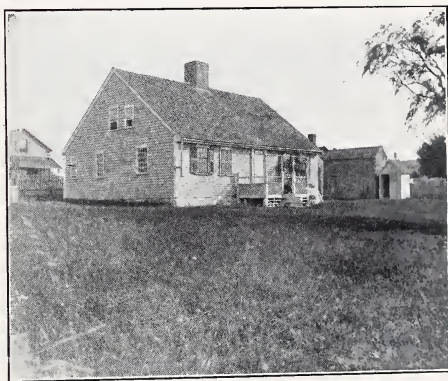
Capt. James Lawrence was once the guest of Mr. Smith. At the dinner table, where Mrs. Smith presided, he was greatly impressed with the way in which the good lady ruled over her flock of growing-ups—she was known in her family as the “general”. When she did not appear at the breakfast table next morning the Captain inquired after her, to be informed that a son had arrived during the night.

The Captain immediately asked the honor of naming the boy and that being gladly granted, gave him his own name, at the same time stripping the buttons from his vest and presenting them. For a long time these buttons were held among the sacred family treasures, being kept in a teacup in the cupboard, where reposed the best china; but much to the regret of the present generation they have disappeared. Would even one of them bob up now to be cherished as a memento it can rest assured of an old age of ease and comfort.

WASH FROM EAST CHOP.

The strip of ponds and marsh land that extends just inside this shore line to the Lagoon is all accounted for by the wash from East Chop. So recent is some of this dry land which has arisen from the depths that Mr. Howes Norris has talked with those who used to speak of a stone west from the corner of the Oliver Linton house as the "landing stone". This is now buried in the grass some 200 feet east of the Beach Road, and possibly 600 feet east of the present shore line.

OLIVER LINTON HOUSE.



The Oliver Linton House, Eastville.

The Oliver Linton house is so sensitive about its age that no one really knows when it was built. Some claim that it is the oldest house on the island, but this claim seems to be chiefly based on a brick in the chimney bearing the date 1615. This antedates the Mayhew coming by so many

years that that brick would seem to be a—well, mistaken.

TREASURE BURIED ON THE SHORE OF THE LAGOON.

And now we come to the margin of the Lagoon and another story, for here is the spot where the treasure was buried, just inside of Quay's Neck, as the point at the east end of the Lagoon

bridge was then known. But we must begin at the beginning or we shall have our treasure discovered before the pirates have had an opportunity to bury it.

About 1850 the ship "Splendid"? (there is some doubt about the name) from the East Indies dropped anchor in Holmes Hole harbor and stayed so long as to excite comment, allowing several favoring gales to pass unheeded. She finally sailed, however, leaving two captains who had come as passengers, and bit by bit the following interesting situation was developed:—

Two schooners were sent out from the Dutch East Indies to the Spice Islands for cargo, each having on board a considerable quantity of specie. One of these was wrecked in a typhoon, but the money was saved and taken on board of the other schooner. Then the captains of both conspired to appropriate the money and report its loss. But when they fell in with the "Splendid" in the Indian Ocean they seemed to have realized that two birds in the hand were better than one, and that they might just as well have it all, and the cash was transferred to the ship and the second schooner abandoned.



The bones of a fisherman.

Holmes Hole was the first port the vessel made, and with the connivance of the ship's

captain they buried the treasure just inside of the opening into the Lagoon and the ship sailed, leaving behind the two passengers, who stopped "down the Neck". The pirates soon engaged the services of Clifford Dunham, and on the first convenient night they sailed to the Lagoon in Dunham's open boat—there was no bridge or Beach Road in those days—dug up the cash and crossed the Sound to Falmouth.

The night was a bitter and tempestuous one, and all were severely frost-bitten, so much so that they made a bad mess of landing and attracted considerable attention. Some one saw them bury the gold and place a flag over it, while they went to a nearby farmhouse to thaw out. The news was



They made a bad mess of landing.

spread that there were pirates on the beach, and a party was organized which dug up the money, deposited it in the Falmouth Bank and then arrested the two captains. Dunham received a six-quart tin pail full of silver dollars for his share of the night's work, but they do say that the pirates stole some of it back before landing; other tellers of the story say that when it was discovered that the money was stolen the authorities took away from him what little his passengers had left. All agree that the ferryman got little but experience for his night's work.



A Vineyard Haven racing Cat.

Some remember that one of the men confessed that only half of the money had been removed from the Lagoon's shore by the pirates; others that the fact that treasure had been buried thereabouts leaked before any of it had been taken away. At any rate, the story got out at some point in the game and excitement ran high. Men swarmed all along the shore with iron rods or bean poles, or other handy implement for taking soundings in the sand. One man tells me that he dug so near it that, had the sand not been frozen,

it must have caved and exposed the treasure, but the money was not found until the authorities came with a chart, giving the proper bearings—"57 feet due nothe from Rufus Davis's boat house", now gone, this being not five rods from the end of the present bridge. The fact was that Peter West had pulled his boat up over the exact spot and painted her, and though the beach was prodded full of holes and dug up all around the boat, no one thought of moving her. Those were great days for Eastville; people flocked from all parts of the island, and the store

on the beach was a buzz of excitement. The two pirate captains, Pitman and Brown (or Dixie)—here again people insist on being different—were taken to Salem, tried and convicted.

THE NORTH END OF THE LAGOON AND "DADDY" RICHARDSON.

This curving bit of Lagoon shore is quiet enough now, but it was not always thus, for where the bank begins to rise was once a windmill for grinding corn, and there is yet a little old graveyard whose wooden headstones were the marvel of my youth, for all around the painted letters the weather had worn away the wood until by the time the paint itself had disappeared the lettering was raised above the surface. This was used principally for the burial of those brought on shore from vessels and who died in the Marine Hospital which stood close by, a low double house kept by "Daddy" Richardson, a character, whose chief occupation was the making of seines which were everywhere and over everything. "Daddy" was not much of a talker, but he could repeat the Bible from cover to cover. The trouble with the old gentleman was that while it was easy enough to get started, he never knew when to stop, and when in class meeting he had run about so far, some one must drop an extinguisher on him in the shape of a lustily sung hymn or other diversion. Still nearer the bridge was a shipyard where Ichabod Norton built his vessels.

ICHABOD NORTON.

Suppose we digress to Ichabod himself for a moment:—

Born in 1761 he died in 1847 full of years and honor. His monument in Edgartown tells us that "His house was open to travelers, and his hand ever open for the benefit of others. He arrived at a good old age, was at last gathered to his fathers, his noblest of mottoes, an Honest Man. Endeared to his fel-

low beings by firmness and fidelity in public affairs, and his honesty in all his private dealings. By prudence and economy he amassed a large fortune, which he wisely distributed for the benefit of his friends”.



As evening comes.

The motto which he had cut over his fireplace—“Deal justly, Love mercy and pay all debts”—was the keynote of his life, but as he was one of the few men on the island who had money to loan, in fact was known as “the bank of Edgartown”, there were naturally some who were not quite as charitable in their expressions of opinion as the good book counsels. Like many strong men he had his odd side. It is said that in his old age he sent for a friend and, remarking that he already had his coffin in the house, asked the friend to write an epitaph for him. This the friend declined to do, because he was his friend, but offered to find some one who would do it, and this is what the two brought to Uncle Ichabod:—

“Here lies old Twelve-and-a-Half Per Cent,
The more he had the less he spent;
The more he had the more he craved.
Oh, Lord, can Ichabod be saved?”

It is not on record that the epitaph was used.

Ichabod lived in the Farm Neck or Pokoy neighborhood and his old homestead, that of Nicholas, the first Norton settler,

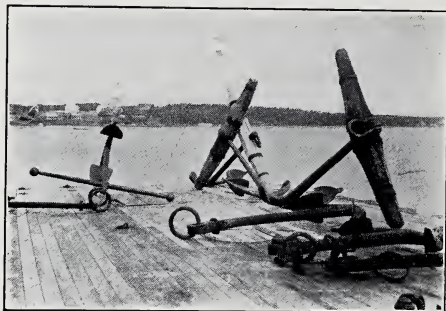
is still in the family, though most of his brothers emigrated to Maine. He had the reputation of being very sharp, very smart, very economical and very hospitable, for he kept open house for a multitude of nephews and nieces, and evidently thought more of the getting than of the money, as when some one remarked that the riches he had toiled for and had been so long saving would fly fast when he was gone, the old man replied that if those to come enjoyed the spending as well as he had the getting, they would receive great pleasure from his money.

MERELY LOCATING UNCLE PETER WEST.

Still further and in the fields lived Uncle Peter West, of whose sayings and doings many stories are current. During the earlier camp meeting days, particularly before the entrance to the Lagoon was bridged, the usual route for those attending worship from Holmes Hole was across the waters of the Lagoon and across the fields on foot past the corner of Uncle Peter's house. In those days the place was far from being the lonely spot that it now is.

TO DO AWAY WITH THE BEACH ROAD.

The present opening into the Lagoon was put through in 1815 by a great storm, and it was not until 1872 that the bridge was built and the Beach Road opened; up to that time travel for Vineyard Haven went by the head of the Lagoon. Of late years there has been some agitation looking toward the doing away with this bridge and throwing the Lagoon open as a harbor of refuge from the northeast storms. It is believed that by cutting out a considerable strip of the beach and thus making wide the opening, the action of the currents, whose swift waters now bring vast quantities of sand into the Lagoon, would



Good holding ground.

expense, and once done, should take care of itself. This would be a great boon, particularly to small boats and yachts, and would unquestionably induce many more of the latter to use the harbor, of which yachtsmen are inclined to fight shy, owing to the exposed anchorage under certain weather conditions which are difficult to foretell. Already a short breakwater has been built as a shelter for small boats, but this is wholly inadequate to the needs of the place, those first on the ground have, rightly enough, appropriated all the good moorings; thus the Summer visitor and the

cease. With a sea wall at East Chop and spur jetties along the Eastville shore to stop the further wash into the harbor (and this must be done sooner or later anyway), and with some little initial dredging, the work could be accomplished without a too great



The result of a northeast storm.

cruiser can find no anchorage that will put his mind at ease. Consequently Vineyard Haven harbor has a bad name among yachtsmen, as the owner of course gives heed to what his skipper says, and the skipper, being responsible, naturally prefers not to take chances. If, on the other hand, there was a place where the yachtsman knew he would be safe and snug he would, as a matter of course, drop in for a look around, and this class leaves money wherever it goes. Stewards have a free hand for purchases, while hotels, livery stables and souvenir shops would come in for their share, and all manner of repairs are called for.

This would, of course, destroy the drive along the beach, but a drive could be constructed from Vineyard Haven to Chunks Hill on the Lagoon, and so up and around its eastern bank, that would be quite as beautiful and still more varied. As a matter of fact, the region about the upper waters of the Lagoon is one of the most beautiful and least visited of any on the island. Still another suggestion is a road by way of the Marine Hospital to the shore of the Lagoon opposite Robins

Rock and a bridge across the water, as the deep water here is comparatively narrow.

OUT, DAMNED SPOT!

The writer would like to express his disapproval of the telegraph-telephone-trolley poles and wires that line so many public highways to the serious detri-



Schooner loaded with lime on fire.

ment of their beauty; the generation is probably not far off that will wonder why such disfigurements were allowed. This abomination is particularly offensive along the Beach Road, and is the only fly in the ointment until we reach the borders of Vineyard Haven, where some careless citizen has allowed the dumping of rubbish and particularly papers, that blow all over the lot, a most disagreeable introduction to the village. Few people realize the money value of beauty. Why not make



Sea Weed Hall.

a good impression on folks when they enter the town? Most of us are careful not to dump ashes and garbage in our front halls: why should Vineyard Haven allow it? The village deserves better of its fathers, for it is one of the most beautiful and sightly of places, situated as it is on a wooded slope and embracing the head of the harbor in a gentle curve.

So great an authority as Richard Watson Gilder writes as follows on much the same subject:—

“One of these days the people of a commercial community will appreciate the fact that, to put it commercially, beauty is a valuable asset, as well as a ‘joy forever’; and then the advertisement fiend will not be allowed to go up and down the land destroying views, which means destroying values—values that belong to the entire population, and that no individual has a right to ruin.”

BASS CREEK AND THE INNER HARBOR.

The former entrance to the Lagoon was Bass Creek, which at one time cut across the beach just west of the present marine railway. The creek, however, steadily cut away the sand on the west and filled in on the east, thus sidling along the beach to a point just beyond where the village wharf now puts forth, and Bass Creek then followed the course now taken by Water Street; in 1807 the creek carried 6 or 7 feet of water. The



The Marine Railway.

great storm of 1815 carried a brig into and partially down the creek where it grounded, and in doing so drove its jibboom into the side of the Great House. The scar is there to-day, under the sheathing.

The western arm of the Lagoon was in those days an inner harbor. This is now so shallow that only an occasional row-boat or Ben Luce's flock of ducks navigate it, but within the memory of Philander West, who died within a very few years,



The village blacksmith.

tify that nothing of this sort has occurred so recently as that year, and it is probable that the sketch is of earlier date.

OLD HARBOR

LIGHTS.

The commanding position now occupied by the Marine Hospital was within the writer's memo-

a brig has anchored there off the Marine Hospital. The larger of the two grassy islands is Ferryboat Island, because Isaac Chase, who established the ferry between Holmes Hole and Falmouth, was in the habit of bringing his boat inside and anchoring under its lee.

A pamphlet published in 1879 contains a woodcut of Vineyard Haven with sloops and a schooner anchored inside of the Beach Road. The writer can tes-



Wreckage from the "City of Columbus". Just to the left of the rigging the distance shows the old mill.

ry the site of a lighthouse that marked the head of the harbor, though it never saw active service within his time. This must have been in commission by 1858 or 9. The light keeper was Moses C. Cromwell, who lived in the next house toward the village at the water's edge. Before this lighthouse came into being there were here three "Bug" or range lights, situated one on either side of the hospital site and on one of the islands below, probably Ferryboat Island. The list of lighthouses published for 1857 has this to say concerning these:—

"Holmes Hole Beacons, at Holmes Hole Harbor, ranging with the two channels to the anchorage: 3 fixed lights, red, white and green; 6th order lens; built in 1854. Ranges for entering the harbor at Holmes Hole. Red and white lights range for the western entrance and green and white lights range for the eastern entrance."

VINEYARD HAVEN, *NEE* HOLMES HOLE.

THE VILLAGE.



Evening silhouette of the Village.

Suppose we quote Professor Shaler concerning this our village: It is "one of those accidental villages with none of the premeditation belonging to the towns which have straight streets and well-aligned houses. One of those natural asylums where old sea captains come to end their days, and to-day we can say old

captains of finance come to prolong them. Here still flows the old blood of the sea kings. * * * The old salt is the best specimen of the retired man of small means the world can show. * * * Very many of the old salts have been whaling captains, and have been brought up in the best school of courage the world has ever known".

The evening silhouette of the village as one approaches along the Beach Road will, seen under proper conditions of light and shade, be long remembered, with its trees outlined against the dusk of coming night, the shadowy forms of its

homes, the lights suggesting comfort and cheer and the church spires crowning all, finishing and humanizing a picture that warms the heart of the wayfarer, particularly if the night be chill.

THE NYE HOUSE.

On the very threshold of the village stand two of its attractive old

houses on the two corners of Beach Street, for so is the Beach Road, once the trolley track is crossed. On the left the Nye House, as it is now known, once the Elisha Luce House, noted



The Nye House.



The Seth Daggett House.

chiefly for the grace with which it bears its years which are many. There is a pleasant little story here of a certain village youth who, being much fascinated with the cut of his clothes and the elegant manner in which they were worn, was out one day giving his neighbors an opportunity to see for

themselves, when, on passing this house, he discovered it to be on fire. Being a deliberate young man, and not readily excited, he carefully picked his way to the door, lest the brush of a leaf might discommode the polish on his shoes, and tapped gently with his cane. When the lady of the house answered the summons he informed her in graceful phraseology that her house was on fire and, having done his whole duty, took his departure. It is not related whether the lady expressed full appreciation for his kind thoughtfulness or not, but let us hope that she did.

SETH DAGGETT HOUSE.

On the right stands the house built by Capt. Seth Daggett in 1801, son of William Daggett, who was active on the Sea Coast Defense in '76, and who also gave of his worldly goods to help the cause along. Captain Seth was a noted pilot and was frequently kidnapped by the British, and compelled to take their frigates over the shoals. One night he was awakened by a neighbor with the news that the English were after him again and, scrabbling up an armful of clothes, fled from the back door for the woods, even as the enemy was thundering at the gate. Once safe within the shelter of the trees, and congratulating himself on escaping an obnoxious job, he proceeded to dress, only to find that in the excitement he had picked up the garments belonging to his wife, instead of those he usually wore.

THE "GREAT" HOUSE.

Along Water Street, just before we come to the flour mill, stands the "Great House", a rather large square frame house well back from the street. This is one of the very old buildings and, as its name indicates, an important building in its day,

which was probably begun about 1727, it having been built possibly by Isaac Chase, son of Lieutenant Isaac Chase, of the Royal Navy, and sold to his brother Abraham shortly after. Lieut. Chase was one of the first six proprietors to whom were granted all the lands lying northeast of a line running from the head of the Lagoon to the head of Tashmoo. The Lieutenant received as his share of this the land now occupied by the village.



The "Great House".

SEAMAN'S BETHEL AND THE VILLAGE WHARF.

Situated on the shore end of the wharf is the Seaman's Bethel, whose power boat, the "Helen May", is ever cruising around the harbor gathering up sailors who will come to the evening meeting and setting them on board again at its end. This is a very busy wharf, where lumber laden schooners are unburdening their minds, and with its outer end piled high with freight just off the steamboat, or island products—cranberries, quahaugs, fish, etc., waiting to emigrate from their native heath.

WHEN THE STEAMBOAT PASSED BY ON THE OTHER SIDE.

It sounds curious to read that as late as 1830 there was no

wharf here, and that passengers were landed on the beach; that is, when the New Bedford-Nantucket boat would take the trouble to stop its paddle-wheels out in the Sound—not come into the harbor, mind you, just slow down out in the Sound and transfer passengers to any small boat that happened by. The New Bedford Mercury of October 12, 1832, noted the fact that “an elegant new steamboat, the ‘Telegraph’, had been put on the line”. Now listen to this and hear how Vineyard folk were treated by Capt. Edward Baker of that same “Telegraph” line, who “had to be coaxed to stop the engine off Holmes Hole and transfer passengers for the Vineyard to some small boat which happened to be on hand; * * * it was quite a condescension for the ‘Telegraph’ to run in to John Holmes’s wharf, provided a flag was set, and she was not behind time”. So says the Gazette, which further records that it was no uncommon thing for those from Edgartown to see the steamboat go by, unheeding the signal, while they were compelled to return home and come another day. Things are quite different now, with the village the port of entry for two-thirds of the island.

THE MODERN BUMBOAT.

The harbor floats a modernized relic of the old bumboat days in the “Susie D.” that is very interesting. For the benefit of the landsman, it may be well to explain that a bumboat is to the coaster what the pack-peddler is to the country housewife. Loaded with every imaginable thing that the sailor might wish to exchange his hard money for, it used, in the old days, to put off from shore, speak each incoming vessel and sell its inhabitants sweet potatoes or tobacco or socks or any other luxury.



Wharf Street, looking toward the water.

The natural changes of time put the bumboat out of business until Capt. William M. Randall was inspired with the enlarged bumboat idea as expressed in the "Susie D.", which is what the sailor might call a floating ditty box where he can find any blessed thing he may want. The little steamer cruises slowly about

the harbor all day, and no sooner does a vessel drop anchor than the Captain puts his boat alongside and trading begins, much as it would if a good sized department store rolled up to your own door, and you living twenty miles from nowhere. Our modern idea is also provided with a wrecking outfit, carries anchors, supplies water, and can carry passengers if she wishes, and altogether is as handy as a pocket in a shirt.

PETER WEST SAYINGS.

Before leaving the water front, it may be well to introduce Peter West, many of whose sayings are village proverbs.

It is told how a certain "Bishop" West came to the Vineyard from England, claiming relationship to those of the name on the island. The "Bishop" was a pompous party who seemed to think much of himself, and he soon fell in with a namesake who thought it a fine thing to have a real live bishop for a relation, and the two were much together, "our distant rela-

tive the Bishop" being introduced about town with much eclat.

Uncle Peter comes into the story when he lands one day on the village wharf where the two were standing. The local member of the firm promptly stepped up as Peter climbed over the stringpiece, and with the "Bishop" a close second, started the usual introduction: "Uncle Peter, I want to introduce to you our distant relative the Very Reverend Doctor West, Bishop of the Church of England", etc., etc. It certainly sounded fine, and should have made a profound impression; but whether Peter had heard stories about the visitor, or whatever the cause, it is said that he never so much as looked at his celebrated, if distant, relative, but growled out: "Distant relatives are like distant thunder, the further off the better. Reverend Doctor be damned!" And up the wharf he went, leaving the reverend gentleman somewhat dazed.

Peter's repartee is the talk of the town. He had been stocking up in the village one day, but on the way to his boat recalled a forgotten errand and stopped in a convenient shop to leave a parcel of beefsteak while he went back. Upon his return the shop was closed and a glance through the window showed that the steak was not there. Peter soon learned that the party in charge had gone home, and that he lived "down the Neck", and in no very pleasant frame of mind started off to learn what had become of his dinner. Arrived at the house and knocking he was told to come in, whereupon he discovered the shopkeeper just sitting down to a savory meal of steak. Peter opened the conversation with a brief statement of the case and a request for information as to the whereabouts of his steak. His one-time friend guessed it was in the shop—but no, Peter convinced him that that could not be. Then he guessed

some dog must have got it. "Yes", says Peter, "a damned dirty dog, and he is eating it now".

On one occasion at sea a sailor fell overboard and Peter came on deck to ascertain what the noise was all about. Learning this he then asked what the man was hollering so for, and being informed that the sailor had a cramp and could not keep afloat long, Peter said: "Well, call to him and tell him that it is no time to have the cramp now—it is no time to have the cramp now."

ANOTHER PETER WEST.

A rather interesting bit of superstition is told of another Peter West. Captain Peter sailed into the harbor one day, and that same evening married the girl of his heart, Mary Chase, but the next morning the wind served and he must up anchor and away, whether he wished to or not. As he stood on the deck just before leaving he produced a quarter of a dollar from his pocket and tossed it overboard saying as he did so: "I have married the best and handsomest girl in the world and am master of this vessel. I cast my last bit of money overboard and begin life anew". And they say he prospered ever after.

SIXTEEN SEVENTY-THREE.

Gov. Thomas Mayhew, in an instrument bearing date August 2, 1673, recites the fact that land there (the vicinity of Vineyard Haven) is "being purchased and like to be inhabited by Englishmen". And he then grants the said neck of land (all that included between the Lagoon, harbor, Sound, Tashmoo Pond and a straight line from the head of Tashmoo to the "Stepping Stones" at the head of the Lagoon) to Lieut. Isaac Chase, Dr. Thomas West, John Pease, Richard Sarson and two

others. They were at first merely granted the right to settle, but later secured an absolute grant of the land which, about 1700, was partitioned among them. Mr. Richard L. Pease says that so far as he could ascertain only the Chase and West families were residing here some twenty years after the grant.

The Indians called this place Nobnocket and Ponit was their sachem, and the bounds of his territory were exactly those mentioned above, so that the eastern line of that arrow point section of the town of Oak Bluffs, which penetrates far into the vitals of Tisbury, is possibly the oldest boundary line extant on the Vineyard.

HOLMES HOLE.

Tisbury is the name the white man gave it, and the village was known as "holmes his hole". There are all sorts of explanations of this name, but none that satisfies every one. One simple excuse is that Mr. Holmes died and was buried in a hole; others that the man



Main from Beach Street.

killed in the fight at the head of the Lagoon, mentioned in the first chapter as of legendary record only, was named Holmes; still others that it is from a grove of Holm oaks that grew along a stream that once ran through the village. The first record of the name, so far as I am informed, either appears in early deeds of property around Brush Pond in Eastville, or in the

grant from Thomas Daggett to the proprietors of Edgartown of the "New Purchase", running from the "Eastern Most Chop of Holmes his Hole". Mention is also made of the name in the deed of John Eddy to which he set his hand "this 29 of June 1669", and which refers to property "lying at holmes his hole being on the sixth part of that which was bought of ye Indians by Thomas Lyton of Rode Island". But as the name is as dead as the folks who caused it, possibly it makes small odds how it came.

VINEYARD HAVEN.

Along in the early '70s agitation was strong for a change of name. Holmes Hole was not pretty enough for certain of its misguided inhabitants, who were ashamed when abroad to record the fact that they came from such a vulgar spot, and they managed after a good deal of hubbub to effect the change to the present title, which is certainly pretty enough, if it doesn't mean much of anything; but why it was necessary to destroy an old name under which the history of the place has grown is beyond me. It has seemed to the writer that the name Tisbury Harbor, which was suggested at the time, is both dignified and musical, while it has a better local application. When we see Vineyard Haven harbor blazed upon the map, it looks at first blush like a case of verbiage, for what it a haven but a harbor? However, it is now Vineyard Haven harbor, and that is probably what it will stay. It may be well to note here that the change in name was officially made March 1, 1871.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

The following love letter was written to a Holmes Hole girl some time before 1750:—

"I have languished the whole tedious week in the competi-



Moon-shine.

tion of us lovers and yet, madam, you have not vouchsafed to express the least compassion for my sufferings, although you are the cruel object of them.

Why should beauty effect arbitrary sway, or take delight in the ruin of the most faithful adorer? Or why should such a passionate heart as mine be rewarded only with scorn

and contempt?

O! let me conjure you by those dear killing eyes that have robbed me of my repose, to let me know of my crime, and wherein I have offended you, that the whole service of my life should atone for my transgressions; and yet, madam, if you mean to make me your victim, do but let me know it, and I die with the eagerness and resignation of a martyr. For, alas! my despair has so effectually mortified me that, should you continue to be severe, death would be a welcome deliverer to the most unfortunate."

And after all that, she married the other fellow.

PATRIOTISM.

In roving from one end of the island to the other, as we are doing, it is difficult to always treat a subject or period in proper order, and hence a little mixedness and occasional reiteration must be pardoned. As we had the Revolution in Edgartown, so will we have it in Holmes Hole, and later on further "up island".

About the first move made in the beginning of those troublous times was a meeting of protest by all Dukes County at the Tisbury Courthouse, as the following taken from the town records shows:—

“Entred on the Town book of Records in Tisbury April ye 19th A D 1775

“Ezra Athearn Town Clerk

“Tisbury December ye 6th A D 1774 Attest Ezra Athearn in Tisbury by Adjournment on Tuesday the Sixth day of December A D 1774 to Recieve the report of the Above Said Committee and at Said Meeting the hereafter Recorded resolves were read Examined & Unanimously Voted by the Inhabitants of said Town And Ordered to be Recorded on the Town Book.

“Tisbury December ye 6th A D 1774 Attest Ezra Athearn Town Clerk

“At A Convention of the Committees of the Several Towns in the County of Dukes County in the Province of the Massachusetts Bay: Held by Adjournment at Tisbury in Said County on the 9th of November 1774 The Said Committee after Serious Consideration of the unhappy State of the Province in general & of said County in Particular; by means of Certain Acts of the Brittish Parliment more especially A Late Act Entituled an Act for the better Regulating the government of the province of the Massachusetts Bay: Resolved as follows That by the Emigration of Our Ancestors from great Brittain into the parts of America of which the Province of Massachusetts Bay consists: When thare ware Uncultivated Regions Inhabited only by wild Beasts and Savages in human form; by

their Establishing them selves here at their own great expence Submitting to and Enduring with most Remarkable fortitude and Patience the most greivous Toils and hardships. Amidst the greatest dangers: by the great cost and labor of the People of this province Clearing Inclosing & Cultivating their Lands here (After a fair purchas hereof of the Indian Propriators) And in Erecting Necessary &



The Mansion House.

Convenient Buildings thereon: And by this Peoples Defending at A Vast Expence of their Blood and Treasure their Possessions and Properties thus Aquired.

“The Territories Included within this Province which would Otherwise have belonged to no Prince or Princes but Indian Sachems; or which would have been much worse for Great Brittain would have been Possessed by the Subjects of Some Rival European Prince or State) Are now with but verry Little if any Expence to the Crown or People of Brittain become a verrey Valluable Part of the Dominions of the Brittish Monorch which from the first Peopeling thereof by his Subjects hath been Continually Increasing in vallue to the Vaste and growing Emolument of the Crown and People of ye Mother country by A Great Increas of the Trade & commerce and Naval Powers.”

Next we find a town meeting in July, 1775, whereat a committee was appointed to procure coats for the "Provincial Soldiers".

COMES MAJOR-GENERAL GRAY.

Owing to the exposed position of the island and the impossibility of protecting it the General Court, on March 29, 1777, recommended that all sheep and cattle be removed to the mainland for safe keeping, but no heed was paid to the warning, and on September 10, 1778, Major-General Gray, with a large force of British, entered Holmes Hole in 83 vessels for the purpose of ravaging the island. He calmly called the selectmen together and informed them of his intention and, that if any of his robbers were attacked or molested, he would burn every house on the island.

He then made a requisition of the arms of the militia, the public money, 300 oxen and 10,000 sheep. He "found it necessary to send small detachments into the island and detain the defected inhabitants for a time, in order to accelerate their compliance with the demand". Of arms he took 388 stand, with bayonets, pouches, etc., some powder and a quantity of lead. This raid extended from September 10th to 15th. The British kept an account of all that was taken and promised to pay for same. But the island was so thoroughly cleared of food that the following Winter was a very hard one. About all that was left was what had been successfully secreted, and such scanty supplies as succeeded in running the British blockade of the Sound. The Winter was unusually severe, and had it not been for the miracle of the fishes, many might have found it difficult to pull through.

THE MIRACLE OF THE FISHES.

In December an extraordinarily cold and protracted north-east snowstorm swept over the island, and immense quantities of snow fell. After the storm some one wandering about the Eastville shore of the Lagoon discovered a large number of striped bass frozen in the ice and snow. The news was spread and the people were soon busy taking the fish out with pitchforks or any other implement that could be used, they being stacked in great heaps along the shore.

The British had burned all the salt works and there was little salt to cure the catch with, but fortunately there was abundance of cold storage, and these, supplemented with such eels, clams and wild fowl as could be procured, formed the main support of the people. The theory advanced to account for this wonderful fall of manna is interesting. It is supposed that as the waters chilled and the ice and slush formed and was driven to leeward, the fish naturally sought warmer and clearer water gradually working their way to windward until the shore barred escape, and as their last refuge filled with ice, they were imbedded therein.



Wind up and down the mast.

THE LAST TIME BRITISH SOLDIERS TROD
MASSACHUSETTS SOIL.

After thoroughly scouring the island, the British troops, to the number of possibly 10,000 rendezvoused at Holmes Hole, camping for some days just across Church Street from the present postoffice. The site was particularly suitable for a camp in an enemy's country, though the poor inhabitants stood in as much awe of the armed troops as did Rob the Grinder of Dombey & Son's manager, Mr. Carker. Church Street was in those days a deep gully more or less blocked by boulders, and with this on their right, the forest at the rear and left and their own ships covering their front, they could easily construct a fortified camp that would have satisfied even a Roman general.

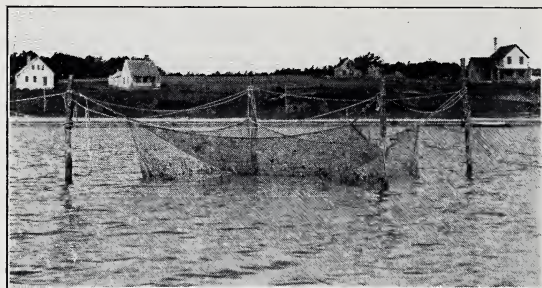
This is Manter Hill, and it is claimed that when the troops broke camp here and re-embarked from the beach below, it was the last time the soil of Massachusetts was pressed by the foot of a British soldier.

The islanders were theoretically treated as neutrals by the British cruising in these waters, and while there were a few home companies for local protection, such as those of Capt. Nathan Smith, Capt. Benjamin Smith and Capt. Jeremiah Manter, those who were willing to enlist for the war did so under some other banner than that of the exposed Vineyard, and thus did not subject their beloved island to open hostility.

OF ABNER LUCE.

Here is a story of one man who did his share. Abner Luce, grandfather of Benjamin N. Luce, enlisted probably from the town of Dartmouth, as during the Revolution New Bedford was a part of that town, and his grandson likes to tell how, at

Valley Forge, Abner, who had somewhere captured a brace of chickens and was carrying them to his mess, was stopped by an officer who, in virtue of his superior rank, demanded the plunder, and when refused attempted to take it. Abner was a husky as well as a hungry lad, and not only refused to let go, but thrashed his superior in short order, and his mess ate the chickens.



A fish pocket on the Vineyard Haven Shore.

The officer, instead of taking his punishment quietly, made a charge of assault, and of course our hero was brought before a Court Martial. When the in-

dictment was read to him and he was asked what he had to say for himself, he promptly responded that "the man who wouldn't fight for his grub wouldn't fight for his country", and the Court thought his view of the situation the correct one and discharged him.

Valley Forge, as we all know, was a bitter school. Owing to an insufficiency of clothing, the men were in the habit of sleeping in threes for warmth, and drawing lots to see who would be the fortunate one for the middle. On a particularly severe night it was Abner's luck to draw the warm berth. When he arose in the morning either one or both of his companions were frozen to death. Abner lies in the West Tisbury

burial ground, a strong man, dead at the age of 57, with the two balls received during the Revolutionary struggle still in his thigh.

The Luces must have come straight down from days of old when knights were bold, for Benjamin N. himself carries a wound received at the first battle of Fredericksburg, in '62. But there were other brave Vineyard spirits in Ben's regiment, the 20th Massachusetts Volunteers, as well as himself. Corporal Peleg B. Davenport, of Holmes



The favoring breeze has come, and by ones and twos and threes they are slipping out of the harbor and stringing down the Sound.

Hole, was in the attack on Fredericksburg. After two color sergeants had been shot down he was ordered to bear the flag, and accepted the honor fully conscious that it meant death; for as he rushed forward he called back to his friends, "good-bye, boys; my time has come", and so it had.

THE PICAROONS.

While there was a theory that the islanders were neutrals, and to some extent they were treated as such, the British still subjected them to many embarrassments. But the chief source of alarm was the incursions of the "Picaroons", as the Tories were called. These, claiming to be in the British service,

were little better than pirates, robbing friend and foe alike.

These marauders usually came in launches or whale boats, and a constant watch was kept at many points to give early notice. It is said that a watch tower was erected for this purpose, and several earthworks were constructed for purposes of defense. Until recent years the remains of some of these fortifications were visible, notably on the southern slope of Huzzleton's Head and on the Sound shore about half a mile beyond the West Chop Light.

"The next august the Pickeroone say small vessells they had taken from us and armed with swivels and sometimes a War Brig would accompany them. about the 13th Sept. 1775 a Large number of ye above description made their appearance for holmes hole: a ceertain Mr. Jos. Smith who always gave us in Edga'ton notis of the Enemys approach. it seemed next morning the whole shore of Holmeses was covered with men: Coll Barakiah Bassett who Recommended keeping up Volinteers and was as good as his promis: a Signall had been agreed on that when we wanted a reinforcement he would send to our releaf. a great pine Torch was made and the Coll sent a member of Boats well filled with men and officers Commanded by the Brave Capt. Grannis and the next morning they"—and there the fragment ends abruptly.

WHEN IT IS NOT ROBBERY!

In October or November, 1777, two vessels belonging to Boston Tories named Holmes and Coffin, and laden with stores for the enemy, lay in Holmes Hole harbor. Washington, learning of this, sent an order to Major Tupper to capture them "for the use of the United Colonies", and this he did, receiving the thanks of the General for his enterprise.

THE OUT-SKIRTS OF PATRIOTISM.

Everything was turned to account during those days, even the clock weights were requisitioned and melted into bullets. Considerable munitions of war had at one time been accumulated for the use of the Sea Coast Defense, but how to get them safely to the main was a question. The waters between were patrolled by the enemy and every boat stopped and searched. It was a case for brains and nerve rather than brawn, and the emergency brought forth the woman for the hour, for a good dame of Holmes Hole village came forward with a promise to get the precious cargo across safely. Then she built her an immense hoop skirt and, the supplies being placed in the stern of a boat, she sat down on them, disposing her ample skirts in such manner that, like charity, they covered a multitude of sins, at least sins in British eyes, and thus freighted the boat was allowed to go on its way unmolested.

OF SUCH STUFF WAS OUR GRANDMOTHERS MADE.

At the top of Manter Hill stood the famous Liberty Pole of 1775. When it was erected the women poured all their tea into the hole to commemorate the Boston Tea Party. Shortly after the British ship "Unicorn" came in, needing a new mast, and tried to buy the flagstaff, and when the people refused to sell, the Captain swore he would take it next morning, with or without their leave.

During the night three of the village daughters—Polly Daggett, Parnel Manter and Maria Allen—gathered at the pole, which they proceeded to bore full of holes and then fill with powder, and after building a fire about the base of the pole, the girls retired to the house of Major Norton, which was burned in the fire of 1883, and from there watched until the

blaze exploded the powder. The pole was shattered and the "Unicorn" went elsewhere for her mast. The deed has been commemorated by the D. A. R., who have placed a tablet around a pole in front of their headquarters.



Home of the D. A. R.

The home of the D. A. R. on Manter Hill was built about 1825 for Nathan Mayhew as a school-house. It was later the first town school, and was then used as a Unitarian meeting place.

POLLY DAGGETT.

As time went on Polly Daggett became "Aunt Hillman" to a younger generation. A woman of strong character and great ability, she left a lasting impression on those who came in contact with her.

Mrs. Hillman had a gift of prophecy or second sight that was altogether incomprehensible. Several stories are extant showing this peculiar ability. Capt. William Daggett was expected home on a certain day, but did not come, and his family was greatly worried. Finally Aunt Hillman went to his wife and told her to prepare dinner, as the masts of her husband's vessel would be seen rounding West Chop by 3 o'clock, and so it happened.

Another time Aunt Hillman saw her brother, Silas Daggett, lying on the shore with a bruise on his forehead. He was

later found drowned and washed up with a bruised head, as she had foretold.

PARNEL MANTER.

Parnel Manter, daughter of Jonathan Manter, and famous for her connection with the flagpole incident, had rather a tragic ending. She was a beautiful girl, and early formed an attachment for a young man named Hillman, on whom her father frowned, even going so far as to threaten the youth with a rawhide. The girl could not reconcile herself to the parental edict and began to pine away. Finally a friend asked that Parnell be allowed to visit her and permission was granted on condition that the lover be not admitted to the house. This was readily agreed to, but a certain cherry tree in the back yard not being included in the agreement saw much of the pair.

Here the girl caught a cold which resulted in her death. During her sickness she had a trance in which she visited Heaven and it was there revealed to her that she must die. The father now relented and offered to allow young Hillman to call, but the girl said no, she had given up all earthly things and did not wish to see him, but instead sent him a message saying: "I am going to Heaven; prepare to meet me there." She was little more than twenty when she died.

PEACE THAT PASSETH ALL UNDERSTANDING.

Although the Revolutionary War came to an end in 1783, and the country was supposed to be at peace, the troubles of the seafaring part of the community were by no means concluded. The United States was a weak sister among the nations, and pretty much all of them levied tribute in the belief that we could not hit back. Our shipmasters were subjected to many annoyances, victims of unreasonable and unjust charges

and fines, imprisonments or years of detention of their vessels, or perhaps confiscation.

Those who were Masons sometimes found it of service, valuable aid being received at times through this influence. For this reason an organization was effected under the name of "King Solomon's Lodge of Perfection". A lot was purchased and building material hauled to the spot, but local feeling was very strong against the order, and for this or some other reason, the building was not constructed, the members meeting in each other's houses.

BETWEEN 'SEVENTY-SIX AND EIGHTEEN TWELVE.

The War of 1812 brought much the same distress, though in a somewhat lesser degree, as had been suffered in '76. Again was the Sound patrolled and the island blockaded, and again were its inhabitants put to much suffering and loss. As early as 1807 the Secretary of War had recommended the protection of the Vineyard by means of a fortification, but nothing appears to have been accomplished. The following letter recently republished in the New Bedford Mercury gives an idea of what our shipping was suffering, though the outcome this time was rather more fortunate than usual:—

"Holmes Hole, Feb. 23, 1808.

"Sailed from Salem, on the 11th of December, in bark 'Active', bound for Malais. On the 4th Jan. lat. 36.10 N., long. 14 W., was boarded by the British letter of marque 'Lord Cranstown', Gibson, from Liverpool, bound for Nevis, who put a prize master and six men on board, and took out my two mates and five men, leaving me a cook, steward and one man, and ordered us to keep company with him, which we did until the 28th, when we parted company, and the next day I rose,

confined the prize master and crew below, and re-took the vessel, and arrived here yesterday.

“W. P. Richardson.”

STORIES OF EIGHTEEN TWELVE.

Possibly a story or two of these war times will be enough for this part of the island. Capt. David Smith kept the tavern in Holmes Hole, a place of first and last resort for all the old salts who were off duty. The Captain was proud of his reputation for hospitality, but it was hard work to live up to it on this blockaded island, and finally he and his son Nathan must needs journey to New York in their open boats for provisions. The trip had been a great success, both boats had rounded West Chop on the return, laden with delights for the paiate and the two men were thanking their lucky stars that they had escaped the watchful eye of the British war brig “Nimrod”, when of a sudden two barges full of armed men were seen approaching.

The Smiths had rounded up to the beach preparatory to discharging cargo, but hastily got under way again and, making for Bass Creek, sailed down where now the trolley skims Water Street, and so on



Water Street where once flowed Bass Creek down which the Smiths escaped the pursuing British.

into the Lagoon. The barges kept down outside, and landing their marines in the bend of the beach these opened fire on the fleeing boats. Then it was that Mrs. Polly Smith, wife of Nathan, handed her babe to a girl in the house, saying: "Hold this child, Sallie, while I go upstairs and see those red-coat devils cannonade Nathan." But those marines were not used to shooting from such firm foundation as mother earth, and did no damage worth mentioning, and the fugitives soon rounded Cedar Neck, placing its bulwark of sand between them and the enemy, who presumably did not care to get into such a trap as the Lagoon might prove to be, should they venture inside with their barges. The fire burned bright on the tavern hearth that night, and there was plenty of good cheer for all the old salts who dropped in. The old Smith Tavern, one of the notable buildings of Main Street, was destroyed in the great conflagration of 1883.

Being held up and robbed by those highwaymen of the seas was such a common occurrence that little or no note was made of it, but an escape or a successful retaliation on the part of the harassed people was made much of. Such a story has been preserved of Capt. Isaac Winslow, father of "old" Capt. Leander Winslow, and his boat, the "Old Kite". The Captain was on his way back from New York with a boatload of provisions, when he was held up and robbed by a small war vessel lying in Tarpaulin Cove. He was finally turned loose in his boat, and instead of going home, proceeded to Falmouth where was a certain Captain Jinkins, who owned a wood sloop and was ready for an adventure. On hearing Captain Winslow's story the wood sloop was immediately put into commission, two small cannon were placed on deck well hidden under a quan-

tity of cordwood, while sixteen of the militia were stowed below with orders to keep out of sight until Captain Jinkins stamped on the deck. And thus prepared the outfit bore down on Tarpaulin Cove, where lay the English schooner, whose captain, Potter, was inveigled on board and promptly made captive. Then the militia was summoned from below by the heavy foot of the skipper, and the schooner captured with all hands. Thus did Captain Winslow get back his cargo, while Falmouth made merry over the prize.

CLASS MEETING.

The material for stories both grave and gay is here almost unlimited; the only question is what to choose and how to condense it within the confines of a single volume. The average of intelligence in these seaport towns is very high. Men have walked these streets who have faced death in every form that can be imagined and have sometimes been bested by the grim monster; and here have wandered some very odd characters and here enacted many interesting scenes. The pleasant, sociable class meetings that used, in the long ago, to gather in the kitchens, first on one side of the harbor and then on the other, are recalled with loving memory by those whose span reaches back to that time. Members from the other side, whichever that happened to be, would come across in boats when the weather permitted, and the following incident is told as illustrating the altogether friendly and unconventional character of these gatherings: One of the attendants from Eastville had during the day procured some sweet potatoes from a passing schooner, and as they were something of a luxury for the time of year, brought his overcoat pockets full for Mrs. Manter at whose house the meeting was to be held. During

the course of some remarks he was making in meeting the potatoes suddenly occurred to him, and without changing his tone of voice, he said: "By the way, Sister Manter, I have some sweet potatoes for you", and continued on with his exhortation, the good sister in the meantime securing a pan from the closet and holding it while the potatoes were slowly pulled out of pocket and dropped therein, during the entire course of which proceeding there was no break in the talk. There was no thought of irreverence in the action, which was accepted by the congregation as a matter of course. It was simply a company of friends met together.

CAPT. BENJAMIN CLOUGH.

Here is the story of a Vineyard Haven man which has been told many times, but none too often:—

What has been called "a piece of cool daring which was never surpassed on the ocean" stands to the credit of Capt. Benjamin Clough, then third mate of the whaling ship "Sharon" which in November, 1842, was cruising for whales in the vicinity of the Caroline Islands. The crew was short handed, consisting of eleven white men and six natives. On November 6th whales were raised, and both boats lowered in chase, leaving the Captain, a boy and three King's Mill Islanders on board. Soon a whale was captured, and the ship ran down to and took it alongside, the boats continuing in pursuit of others. Some time later the ship's signal was discovered at half mast, and the boats drew near to find that the Captain had been killed by the natives and that the boy was in the rigging. This boy, under directions from the boats, cut the halyards and sheets, that the ship could not be handled, but the boats dared not approach, as the mutineers had every advantage both of posi-



An old timer showing stern windows
such as Benj. Clough clam-
bered through.

tion and arms. Mr. Clough, third mate, seems to have taken the lead in suggestions, and finally offered to swim to the ship after dark. This he did with nothing but a boat's knife in his teeth to defend himself against sharks, two of which accompanied him all the time he was in the water, over an hour and a half, but did not molest him. He could not swim, as the commotion would cause a sparkling of the water and betray him, but finally worked to the vessel, dove under her stern, climbed the rudder to the cabin windows and entered. She was of old-fashioned build with windows in the stern.

He then stripped, that the naked foe might have no advantage in a hand-to-hand grapple, satisfied himself that

his presence was unsuspected, searched the cabin in the dark for arms, found two cutlasses and two muskets, and loading the latter, placed all at the foot of the cabin stairs. While loading a fowling piece he heard a step in the gangway, and some one descended the stairs, hit the arms and fell with them. Mr,

Clough jumped forward and groping about the intruder's feet secured a cutlass with which he ran the man through the body. As he withdrew it a struggle ensued and both fell, the officer uppermost, then planting his knee on the Islander's breast he attempted to saw his head off with the weapon. The native in his struggles seems to have caught the cutlass by the hilt and turned the weapon in Mr. Clough's hands, cutting them badly, but he finally lay still and, supposing him dead, the victor arose. But no sooner was he up than the other also arose and began to slash in blind fury, hitting Clough at almost every stroke—he finally fell, however, exhausted. At this moment a second man appeared in the gangway with a cutting spade. The officer snapped one of the muskets at him twice and finally shot him through the heart, but the spade was either thrown or fell, striking Mr. Clough's left arm and cutting it to such an extent that he could not thereafter use it.

Now the third mutineer appeared in the gangway, also armed with a spade, and peered into the darkness. Clough made several ineffectual attempts to use the other musket, but both his right hand and left arm had been put out of commission and he was bleeding furiously. The man, afraid to descend in the dark, finally dropped his spade and walked forward, and the officer hailed the boats, which he heard outside. The crew, however, in spite of the fact that they were told that two of the natives had been killed, believed that only one was dead, as they had heard but one gun, and for more than half an hour refused to come to his aid. His right hand being unusable, he could not staunch the flow of blood from his left arm, and he all but bled to death when help should have been so ready.

Finally venturing aboard, the sailors entered the cabin with a light, found the first native still alive, dispatched and threw him overboard, as they did the carcass of the second. The third jumped over and swam some distance from the ship, but finally returned and was put in irons, taken to Sydney and left there.

The daring of Mr. Clough, as he was then, Captain Clough as he was on his next voyage and until he died, saved the crew from an almost certain and horrible death, as it would practically have been a choice of starvation on the open ocean, or being eaten by cannibals had they reached the nearest land.

On his return the owners of the "Sharon" made Mr. Clough captain of the best ship they had, and many honors were showered upon him.

While Captain Clough's reputation for daring naturally rests principally on the "Sharon" incident, other stories are current showing the man's absolute fearlessness and ability to think and act quickly under trying circumstances as the following will illustrate:—

Two whalers happened to meet at one of the Pacific islands, both after water, and the captains of both proceeded to the land with their men. The method usually employed was to float the empty casks up a suitable stream, knock out the bungs, allow them to fill and tow them back to the vessel.

While this was being done the two captains, Clough and another, walked back into the interior, having seen no signs of life, and when some distance from their men were suddenly surrounded by a party of cannibals and convoyed to a hut where, apparently, a powwow was held to determine their fate. The place was lighted by a single open lamp made of a shell with the wick drawn up one side.

Captain Clough finally made up his mind that something must be done, and done quickly, and directed the other captain to begin to edge around the hut for the door the minute he knocked the light out with his shoe, while he, Clough, would fight his way down the middle, and whoever escaped was to bring assistance for the other. Then making motions as though his shoe hurt him, he stooped down and removed it and, straightening up, threw it at the lamp, leaving the room in sudden darkness. With a heavy *lignum vitæ* cane which he always carried he literally mowed his way through the group of surprised natives. It was slow work, or seemed slow, but he reached the door by the time the other captain did, and both ran for their lives, ran as they never ran before. Of course the cannibals were after them hot foot, but the boat's crews were met coming to look for them and the natives took a discreet view of the situation.

Another time, this in the Arctic Ocean, the Captain had charge of a boat which had driven a harpoon into a whale. The whales keep along the edge of the permanent ice floe, and when wounded are apt to dive under it.

In this instance the harpoon line caught around the Captain's leg and pulled him out of the boat and under the ice. He had presence of mind enough to put his hand in his pocket, pull out his knife and cut the rope, and then, having kept track of the direction, swam under water for the edge of the floe. The last thing he remembered as he lost consciousness was seeing the edge of the floe just above him. Fortunately his body floated to the surface and was seen.

The Portland (Me.) Bulletin described Captain Clough shortly after the "Sharon" incident as "a young man of good

exterior and quite diffident in manner, mild in voice and hardly to be suspected of that spirit of indomitable daring which he so well exhibited in action. In form he is manly and well proportioned, and is possessed of a temperament of great endurance. There is about the mouth an expression of firmness the most marked”.

CAPT. OBID LUCE.

Another Holmes Hole man, this time one who gave his life for his sense of fair play, was Capt. Obid Luce, master of the whaleship “Bay”, of Warren, R. I. In 1848, while cruising among the Fiji Islands, a boat from the “Bay” was trading in the surf with the natives when a sudden squall coming up, the Captain was obliged to put to sea before paying for the goods he had received. As promptly as possible he worked back and landed with five men and goods with which to square accounts. But the cannibals apparently not understanding the reason of his return and believing they had been unjustly treated, seized all hands and took them back to the village.

The mate, after waiting all night and hearing nothing from the missing men, fired the ship’s gun in the direction of the village, and it is supposed that this caused the massacre of captain and crew. The firing not having the desired effect of bringing the natives to the beach to beg for mercy and to give up the prisoners, the “Bay” then sailed for the Windward Islands, where an American man-o’-war was found and also a whaleship, commanded by Capt. Grafton Luce, brother of Obid. These returning to the island, landed and attacked the village, capturing a number of the cannibals, who were promptly swung from the yardarm, as a large fire on the beach and other indications showed only too plainly what had been the fate of the

murdered sailors. The descendants of Captain Luce still live in the village.

CIVIL WAR TIMES.

In the latter part of 1861 the U. S. frigate "San Jacinto", commanded by Capt. Charles Wilkes, dropped anchor in Holmes Hole harbor on her way to Boston, having on board the Confederate diplomatic agents James W. Mason and John Slidell, who had been taken from the British mail steamer "Trent" while on her way to St. Thomas.



Corner Main and Beach Streets after the fire of Aug. 11, 1883. On the right the ruins of the Mansion House, toward the left what remained of the Baptist Church.

THE BURNING OF VINEYARD HAVEN.

A very important and a very sad event in the history of the village was the conflagration of August 11, 1883, Saturday night. The fire started in a harness shop, about where the

bank is now located, and swept both sides of the street clean to Beach Street and the open country beyond. At 9 o'clock the village bells rung out in alarm, and by 2:30 Sunday morning the place was a desolate waste. The fire-fighting facilities were so inadequate that all attempt to check the flames was given up and they were allowed to sweep unchecked and unchallenged to the fields, the people directing their energies toward removing goods and saving buildings from flying brands. Forty acres were burned over and sixty odd buildings destroyed. The money loss was said to be a quarter of a million, but bad enough as that was, the loss of household goods and the picturesque beauty of the street was infinitely worse. The great trees that sheltered the snug little shops and homes, with all their associations of love and birth and death, where children's children had been born and reared, all the family accumulations that mean so much to the owner and that fill out unwritten history; keepsakes from foreign shores, brought back by those ancestors who had gone down to the sea in ships, or those mementos of the Revolutionary soldier of the family—all were gone. Then the street was homey, now it is homely. It was an unfortunate happening. There were plenty of clapboards left, and fresh bright paint to



Three-master driven through the village wharf and high on the beach, Nov. 28, 1898.

cover them and the street has long since built up again and business is bustling in and out of its doors, but it will be many a generation before the clapboards and the paint have melted into one another and the street has come into its own again, if ever it does.

THE GREAT STORM OF NOVEMBER 28, 1898.

It is a pity to wind up with disasters, and yet such seem to be the later innovations, for now we have Main Street built up again, along comes the hurricane of November 28, 1898, and almost lays it low. This the greatest storm of the century, before which even the famous storm of 1815 pales into insignificance.



After the blow was over.

The harbor was strewn with wrecks and a few lives were lost, but the small death rate was due largely to the cool bravery of Isaac C. Norton, Alvin H. Cleveland, Frank Gollart, Stanley Fisher and F. Horton Johnson, and not to any lack of violence on the part of wind and wave. The writer can never be made to believe that men as fearless and absolutely brave as these

were could be other than honest and true. With "Ike" Norton as captain, the first three mentioned put out in a dory from the boathouse of Walter Luce and took five men from the schooner "Hamilton", which had gone on the flat near the new break-

water; coming down before the wind they managed to make the shore near the marine railway, where the rescued sailors were taken into Chadwick's blacksmith shop and resuscitated alongside of his red-hot stove.

The schooner "Thur-
low" went ashore near the old Norris wharf, and



Still more of the devastation wrought by the
great storm of November, 1898.

those on the beach could see a man lashed in the rigging, and again the dory was launched, this time being towed to the windward of the wreck by a tug and cast off. This time the crew consisted of Isaac C. Norton (captain), Stanley Fisher, F. Horton Johnson and Alvin H. Cleveland. The man in the rigging was dead from exposure, but the remaining five men on the vessel were landed safely. A third time the dory put out from shore, and this time against the judgment of all those present, and after a fearful struggle against wind and sea, saved five more men from almost certain death. The crew of the dory this time consisting of Isaac C. Norton, Alvin H. Cleveland and Frank Golart. Such superb bravery and magnificent endurance as was shown by these men have seldom been surpassed. As one drives along the Beach Road of a pleasant Summer's day it is impossible to realize what they faced; no ordinary man, even had he been willing, could have undertaken such an enterprise. Some fifty vessels were driven ashore or went to the bottom of the harbor.

THE POOR NOT ALWAYS WITH US.

The almost total lack of penury on the Vineyard is notable. Now and then some old and feeble person outlives all friends and relatives, or some one who is not quite right aloft requires assistance, and then a paper is passed around and the unfortunate promptly and willingly cared for. The opportunities for at least earning a living are much greater in a place like this than inland, or in large cities. For instance, the herring fishery of Tisbury is worth anywhere from \$25 to \$50 per season to any inhabitant who may choose to avail himself of it; then the cranberry picking in the Fall is worth possibly twice as much more, while the quahauging, scalloping and fishing are open to all, and though hard work is very profitable; then in



I did not always stand idle as this; for once the rising sun
Shone bright and gay on my long white sails
As round to their work they spun,
And I sang in joy to the favoring gales
That gave their strength till my grist was run,
But now I'm aged and gaunt, and dull must I look to the rising sun.

Winter the cutting of ice and fishing for eels through holes cut therein furnishes employment to many.

THE OLD WINDMILL.

Dr. Freeman notes in 1807 that there was but one windmill in Tisbury, but makes no mention of its exact location. The one given in the illustration was built about 1812-15, and formerly stood on the high ground of Manter Hill, then known as "Mill Hill". The mill now forms part of the dwelling of a Summer resident, and may be glimpsed as one passes a lane on the highest level leading toward the water. When this picture was taken in 1834 the mill was a prominent feature of the landscape, as will be noted by a careful inspection of the picture "Wreckage from the City of Columbus". The mill was erected by Mr. Lothrop Merry.



Huzzleton's Head has the nerve to call this beautiful lane an "Avenue".

TO WEST CHOP.

Main Street, if diligently followed, will ultimately bring one to West Chop. The road keeps well in from the shore, but there are many beautiful glimpses of the harbor in spite of the fact that the edge of the bluff is pretty well lived upon, mostly by off-islanders who

summer in these parts; and where water is not to be seen there are clumps of shady woods to rest the eye and make beautiful the wayside.

A MISTAKE.

This is "down the Neck", which reminds me of Sarah Bark, who once kept a private hospital for sick mariners hereabouts. The lady's chief factotum was one Becky, and her chief responsibility her son Ben, who was best known for his wonderful ability to sleep, a natural gift highly cultivated, from which no ordinary methods of procedure would arouse him.

Sarah once had a sailor patient who was expected to pass away at any moment, and undertaker Johnson took a lively personal interest in the result, so much so that he was a frequent caller, and at last was told by Becky that the sailor was ready for his hands, but being somewhat deaf, mistook the number of the room and entered that wherein Ben lay sound asleep. Proceeding without delay to prepare the supposed corpse, he clothed it in the black suit which had been brought for the purpose, during which proceeding Ben slept peacefully on. His feet, however, were refractory, as they would insist on falling apart, and our mortuary friend finally tied his big toes together with a bit of twine, he also propped up his chin with a brick, as the jaw had an unpleasant way of dropping down.

The result was so exceedingly happy that Becky was called up to admire, but when she saw what had happened the good woman fell on the sleeping Ben and lifted up her voice, exclaiming "He's got my Benny! He's got my Benny!" And straightway Ben awoke and being as yet not fully sensible of the situation, though alarmed at the commotion, he attempted to spring from the bed, but with his toes tied made a bad mess of it, landing on the floor in a heap that further augmented Becky's consternation. Ben was very much awake by this time

and himself added to the confusion with many words and much adjectived inquiry as to the reason of his being trussed up in such fashion. It is not stated whether anything further happened. Much depended no doubt on the relative size of the undertaker and the undertaken.

HUZZLETON'S HEAD AND THE HOUSE OF THE TORY.



The Tory House of Huzzleton's Head, where the British officers were captured.

Descending the hill that lets one down from the more thickly settled parts of the village, we glance across the low ground of Frog Alley scooped out presumably by the action of water in prehistoric times. Here is one of those enticing views of the harbor, punctuated with one of the Vine-

yard's old homes which reclines on a spur of the higher ground that walls us in.

A bit further is "Huzzleton's Head", a bold bluff that seems to take delight in facing down the northeasters that come howling into the open mouth of the harbor during the months of bluster. On the southern slope of this once stood a small earthwork, while toward its northern bounds stands a house of mystery, whose shuttered windows no longer search the horizon. Here lived one Daggett, a Tory, on the very edge of

the bluff, from which he could see a vast expanse of water, and here the British resorted, being sure of a friendly welcome. It is told how the English had seized a Falmouth pilot to take them over the shoals of Nantucket in safety,



Point Pond, West Chop, where the men of Falmouth landed in their whale boats.

but before leaving some of the officers came across the Sound to bid good bye to their hospitable friend the Tory, and friends of the pilot, learning of this, crossed in two whale boats and landing in Point Pond, on the outer extremity of the Chop, they marched down the shore and surrounded the Daggett house. Two British officers were captured, tied hand and foot and bundled into the boats, the return trip being made in safety. Then were the Falmouth men in a good position for a dicker, and soon were able to exchange their friend for the captured officers.

CONCERNING THE HOLLOW, MINK MEADOWS AND
MR. WILLIAM DOWNS.

The "Hollow" just above Huzzleton's Head affords a broad view of the water and then we have more woods, the lighthouse and Point Pond with the Sound at our feet and clustered along its shore the cottages of the West Chop settlement. This Chop has been wasted by the action of the currents; much as has East Chop, though by no means to so great an extent.

If one wanders westward along some one of the many woods roads that thread the back country, he may happen on Mink Meadows, which stands for another Revolutionary note. Owing to the fact that arms were contraband of war, the few who possessed them were naturally careful.

William Downs, a youth who was the fortunate possessor of a gun, one morning visited the Mink Meadows and there saw a small flock of teal which gave him a great longing for roast duck. It was a risky thing to carry a gun, or to shoot one, but he had to have those ducks, and finally concluding to chance it, went back for the instrument of death. After considerable manœuvering he got the entire flock in line and bagged the bunch with one shot.



West Chop from the Sound.

And then came the trip home. By keeping in the woods as much as possible and making brief work of the open spaces, he had almost arrived at the house and was beginning to breathe easy, when he ran plump on a British officer, who said in

a sharp voice, "Boy, what are you doing with that gun?" The young man was badly frightened, but told how he had been compelled to go out to secure meat for the family, and so impressed the officer that he was not only allowed to keep the gun, but made a sale of part of his bag to the red-coat.

THE HERRING FISHERY.

Still further on the way is barred by the Herring Creek outlet of Tashmoo Pond, with its picturesque cluster of fish huts.

The fishery is open to every inhabitant of the township who may wish to come in; all over 16 years of age secure a full share of the catch, those between 12 and 16 a half share. One has but to show himself on the beach at a certain hour in the morning to be counted in, after which he can go about his own business



The fish huts at the Herring Creek.

and never attend to the fishing at all, those who really fish receiving two shares. The writer has talked with a man who, as a boy, used to hustle out in the early morning, show himself at the counting in and then get back in time for school. The money thus received, together with that earned by cranberry picking and in other ways, paid for the lad's education and put him on his feet.

TO THE LAGOON.

Now come we back to the village for the start "up island". at least for "up island" after we get through with the Lagoon and round there.

One of the most attractive views to be had in all this region is offered by "Mount Aldworth" as the knoll just southeast of the "State Road" and on the edge of the village is called. At our feet is spread a wonderful panorama beginning with the village tucked into the cove of which Huzzleton's Head is the far point, then the harbor with the distance bounded by the Cape,



The Beach Road from Mount Aldworth.

the Beach Road and the beach foreshortened until it looks like the scratchy attempt of a child that for the first time tries a pencil, while distant Eastville sees the skyline.

Still to the right lies the Lagoon and Cedar Neck and more Lagoon, and beyond the far

country which rolls over to Oak Bluffs and Farm Neck. In the foreground swells the land, still much as the ice age left it, seamed with walls, whose stones came down with the ice from Boston way, making one think that some giant Bostonian has spilled his Sunday morning breakfast of baked beans. This neighborhood is really the site of the earliest settlement on the harbor, and two of the old houses stand at the water's edge,



The Crowell House. Close by stood the house of Dr. Thomas West, the first white owner of the land.



The Cromwell House.

the Crowell and the Cromwell habitations, both interesting dots on the page of history. A bit further stands the Marine Hospital, a Government institution for the care of sick and injured sailors, and beyond the arm that was once Bass Creek and

down which fled Nathan Smith from the British, are the beach houses of the fishermen, the marine railway and all the enchanting clutter of the village shore.

We are standing beside a small deserted burial ground of less than a dozen visible graves, some of whose stones are still in a good state of preservation. One of these reads:—

“Lydia the Wife of John Claghorn

She died in Child bed December 31st, 1770, in ye 23rd year of her Age

John and Lydia, That lovely pair
A whale killed him, Her body lies here
There souls we hope, With Christ now reign,
So our great Loss, is there great Gain.”

Another close by bears this inscription:—

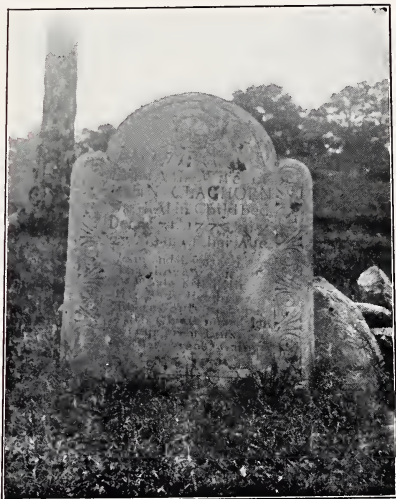
“Here lies the body of Francis West
Son to Doct. Elisha & Mrs. Abigail
West. Died February the 8th, 1760
In the 20th year of his Age.”

"Here Francis lies Departed but not lost
 Like Some Choice Flower Nipt by untimely frost.
 When Jesus shall Appear he'll shining Rise
 Like Some Bright Star beyond the Azure Skies."

To look across these rolling fields in the Fall, when the little individual huckleberry patches have been made to blush at the audacious pinches of Jack Frost, is to look at a picture like which there is no other. Even the scarlet poppy of England's fields was never half so decorative.

CHUNK'S HILL.

Now there is a way to get across these fields by walking and climbing fences and walls and dodging round the huckleberry bushes and through the scrub oak woods and coming out on old Chunk's Hill, better known as Oklahoma, where we have the length and breadth of the Lagoon for a foreground. Chunk was presumably an Indian who dwelt here when the white man came. The name appears in the will of Dr. Thomas West, the first settler, who received as his portion pretty much all of this western shore of the Lagoon, and whose son Peter dwelt on the north slope of this hill. The Doctor may have come here



"John and Lydia that lovely pair".



Chunk's Hill and the upper reaches of the Lagoon.

eries were owned by the Saturday Baptists of New London, and that these kept the 7th day strictly, the crews holding regular service on board.

CEDAR NECK.

As we gaze down the Lagoon the eye roams the length of Cedar Neck", or "The Cedar Trees" as it was formerly known, on whose eastern shore there was once

from Edgartown on account of his religion—7th Day, or "Saturday" Baptist—though even 200 years ago there was a branch on the Vineyard of the Newport Church to which the Wests belonged. S. A. Devens notes the fact in 1838 that many of the vessels engaged in the Vineyard fish-



Distant view of Cedar Neck from across the Lagoon.

a shipyard, and along whose western margin grows an interesting fringe of Cedars of great age, where the youth and beauty of a generation that is now grizzled and rheumatic were wont to promenade. This is one of the greatest places for song birds that ever was; so far as possible the small boy with his gun is kept at a distance and the happy birds are ever giving thanks. Across the waters is Eastville, and back the eye comes along the high bluff opposite, formed of what geologists call kame and terrace drift, where the materials have been collected by the action of violent currents of water, such as sub-glacial streams, or were formed by tidal action at some distance from the ice front. This gouge in mother earth which we now call the Lagoon was presumably cut by a swift current from the face of some glacier.



The old Norton House at the head of the Lagoon,
Webataqua.

WEBATAQUA.

The old Norton house at the head of the Lagoon is one of the very old buildings of the region. As far back as about 1760 it was moved, because of the crumbling of the bank, and it had been a home for one or two generations before that.

In the midst of the ancient apple orchard can still be found the grass-grown cellar

hole marking the former site of the old house, when it was the home of the Presbury family. The one family treasure in those early days of plain living and hard work was Mother Presbury's wedding ring, which, too precious to wear, was kept to be gazed at by the younger members of the tribe.

One day temptation overcame one of the girls and she slipped it on a finger as she went off to Holmes Hole on some errand. Somewhat late in returning, the hurry of the evening meal made her forget the ring, and its loss was only discovered on a return from the woodpile with chips.

A long search failed to show its hiding place, and her trouble was finally confessed, but every effort failed of success, though succeeding generations spent many a vain hour about the site of the old house, until a youth of the sixth following generation turned up the long lost treasure with his plough-share. Then was there great rejoicing, for it was now become an heirloom beyond price still bearing the motto engraved so many years before:—

"I love none
But thee alone."

The lucky finder presented the ring to a favorite sister and it again reposed in ease and comfort. But, alas! a daughter arose whose love of splendor overcame all else, and again the golden circle decorated the finger of youth and again did it vanish—this time in the sands of Edgartown's harbor shore, where the ferryboat for Chappaquiddick made its landing, and its loss is still mourned.

Here also are those famous springs, where the white man and the Indian fought before history was writ, now reduced to a state of vassalage and furnishing inexhaustible refreshment

for those living at Oak Bluffs. The famous "Stepping Stones" are here, though under water, a bound mark before and since the English portioned the land among them.

One of the odd characters who lived at the head of the Lagoon in days gone by was Jonathan Tilton, who died about seventy years ago and was buried in Chilmark. He had agreed to transfer his property to a relative in consideration of being cared for for the remainder of his days, and the relative faithfully carried out his part



The post is on the line of the "stepping stones", a bound mark used by the Indians and by the white men after them.

of the agreement, but Tilton appears to have been a crusty old bachelor and evidently proposed to have the last word, for he had his gravestone cut and stored under his bed, along with his coffin, and this is the epitaph he wrote on himself:—

"Here lies the body of Jonathan Tilton,
Whose friends reduced him to a skeleton.
They wronged him out of all he had,
And now rejoice that he is dead."

Part of the agreement was that this stone should be put over his grave and it was; but the weather must have been extraordinarily violent, for the inscription wore out in a single night, so 'tis said.

Another epitaph written by Mr. Tilton is given, as it sup-

plies the old-time pronunciation of the Indian name of this part of the Lagoon—Webataqua:—

“Here lies poor Jenny, faithful slave,
Who trusted in her works to save,
Who has paid the debt we all must pay.
She lived and died at Webataqua.”

Some say that our fabulous friend Moshop was more or less about the head of the Lagoon, but as he always had his seven-league boots with him, it was but a step from Gay Head, and there is no reason why he should not have been found occasionally in these parts; in fact, the small pond here once known as the “Oyster Pond” may be the print of his foot for all I know; they do say there are several such prints about the island.

Such authorities as Professor Shaler and the Rev. Hebron Vincent agreed that this island was once covered with pine trees. A Vineyard Haven man who is himself 80 years of age remembers to have heard his grandmother tell of gathering pine knots when a girl in the fields about these head waters, indicating the former existence of extensive pine forests.

WHERE THE INDIANS FORE-GATHERED.

These shores were evidently a great gathering place for the Indians; frequent evidence of this is found in the heaps of rotting shells where they had their feasts, in arrow flints picked up at odd times and in a most symmetrical stone pestle found on Cedar Neck. Some fifteen years ago the skeleton of an Indian giant in almost perfect preservation was dug up in the same locality; the bones indicated a man easily six feet and a half, possibly seven feet, high. An unusual feature was a complete double row of teeth on both upper and lower jaws. After all the bones were removed the place was carefully dug over,

but no implements were found, a singular fact, as the Indians were supposed to always bury his implements with the dead.



An arrow point picked up
on Cedar Neck.

In the bank between Chunk's Hill and Cedar Neck was found, not long ago, what was evidently at one time a package of arrow and spear heads, there being twenty-two packed together so snugly as to suggest that, when dropped, they had been tied up for transportation; and pottery, pipes and all manner of implements have been found from one end of the Lagoon's shore to the other.

Along the eastern side of the Lagoon the Indians made their last stand in this neighborhood. Here lived a group of Christian aborigines whose weekly prayer meetings were even attended by the whites and graced with occasional visits from Parson Thaxter. These were usually held in the kitchen of Massy Mony. Those who recall them dwell on the picture of Basha Mony, when dressed to receive the worshipers. She invariably wore a red camelot cloak and placed herself before a dresser covered with freshly polished pewter, where with her bright eyes, jet hair, red cloak and flashing background, she looked like some oriental queen on her throne.

TAYLOR BRADLEY DIGS CLAMS.

There is probably no one point from which so much of the Lagoon can be comprehended as at Chunk's Hill, from the calm of the upper pond to the long reach below. Where the fishing once on a time was a thing to yarn about, and clams—well, they come even within the memory of the writer; and that reminds

me of Taylor Bradley, who dearly loved clams. Taylor was somewhat odd—said he came from Connecticut. That, however, does not necessarily make a man odd, for I am a Connecticut preparation myself.

He accounted for his dropping in on the Vineyard after this fashion: Being very religious he had dreams and saw visions. In one of these he was commanded to go to the seashore and take a vessel and when the vessel next dropped anchor he was to land on the beach, and as he walked he would come to a house where were several girls, all of whom, with one exception, would make fun of him, and that one exception he was to take to wife, and so it fell out even as he had been promised in the vision. Whether the vision got down to such definite details as Mr. B. furnished after it all happened does not appear of record, but he thought it did.

Mr. Bradley comes in here because of his propensity to dig clams in the Lagoon. At one time our hero needed rubber boots that he might secure the basis for his beloved clam chowder in reasonable comfort, but rubber boots hung high that season and he was fain to content himself with some makeshift; thus he secured two shoe boxes, and pitching them within and without and arranging straps at the bottom he had what



A fore and aft view.

seemed at first blush a very good, if somewhat clumsy, pair of waders, and they were all right, at least they were all right so long as their occupant kept well in shore, but there came a day when he went too far afield, as it were, and his pontoons upset our clam digger and stood him on his head in deep water with the life preservers at the wrong end. The experiment almost saved the life of many a clam, but he finally kicked loose and got himself ashore.

One who, as clerk in a Vineyard Haven store, once sold a copy of Harper's Weekly to Mr. B., relates that the purchaser required a receipt for the ten cents expended that he might be in a position to prove that the money had not been misappropriated, should the matter become a point of controversy.

The visitor standing on Chunk's Hill can get a good idea of what a magnificent driveway could be constructed along the high banks of this Lagoon, should it ever be really made the head of the harbor, as has been proposed.

VINEYARD HAVEN TO PROSPECT HILL.

THE STATE ROAD OUT OF VINEYARD HAVEN.

And now we come to an extremely attractive part of the island to geologists, the North Shore, one of the most interesting spots in New England. But which, to quote the New Bedford Standard, has not as yet come into its own.

The State Road out of Vineyard Haven immediately plunges into the woods, an oak woods, always beautiful, whether it be in the Spring with its budding leaves of delicate pink and soft green, or under the canopy of Summer's full leaf, or the rich, dull reds of Fall. This stretch lends a variety to

the drive that no other part of the island quite gives, and then there are so many little enticing by-ways leading off into the cool, leafy depths, and the curious tree trunks that here and there line the way, trees that long ago were hacked and bent to help out the wayside fencing and have never recovered from their stoop-shouldered youth.



As the twig was bent.

TASHMOO.

Traveling thus we come suddenly on Tashmoo the beautiful, awed into silent admiration of the picture, a picture which includes the rolling land of the golf links, the wooded shores of the lake, the Sound and the distant Cape. From here Vineyard Haven receives its good and abundant supply of water, a never failing spring that long ago fitted itself into Indian legend and story, for it has been handed down how Pohoganot, the old Sachem who once ruled over the sand dunes of Squibnocket, gave to his son Tashmoo this distant portion of his domain, and how Tashmoo, whose mother, Quampeechee, was a seeress possessed of the gift of knowing things, was told by the old lady of beautiful springs of pure water which would mark the end of his journey, and given a white shell with which he was to drink therefrom and give his name to the land. Tashmoo, bidding farewell to the friends of his youth, plunged into the dense woods, where his father's braves were wont to seek for game, and following a trail that led toward the rising sun across the level country of the south shore, he came to a hill and looked down on a broad sheet of water, but this was the salt water of Webataqua, and while there were beautiful springs of sweet water at its head, an inward spirit, or possibly a larger Indian—it is not quite clear which—whispered that they were not for him, and so he turned back into the depths of the forest and soon came to that land which he knew for his own, a land flowing with water brooks, where he knelt and drank of the pure water dipped up in his snow white shell.

The unsentimental geologist tells us that Tashmoo Lake, or Chappaquonsett, as it is also called, was originally an arm of the sea that recently (geologically recently—for to geology a

thousand years are as a day) has been barred from the open water by walled beaches, and that this valley, the bottom of which is filled with the sweet waters, and whose higher depression, crossed by the highway, continues to the southward, was probably carved by the erosive action of a sub-glacial river.



West Chop Golf Links, Tashmoo.

THE TREASURE IS STILL THERE.

Aunt Rhody, who lived to a great age on the banks of Tashmoo, and who died many years ago, used to tell how from a vessel lying in Tarpaulin Cove, across the Sound, came a small boat with two men, and that they poled up the herring creek into Tashmoo and, proceeding to a great rock which stands upon its eastern shore, buried a large bundle. The strangers claimed, when questioned, that they had buried a member of the crew who had died of smallpox, but unbelievers thought they could have as well buried the man on the shore of Tarpaulin Cove where the vessel lay, or have dropped him overboard, and it began to be hinted round that here was buried treasure.

However, while we are none of us afraid of ghosts or hobgoblins, few like to trifle with a case of smallpox, and the spot was not disturbed for many years, until three adventurers were found who feared neither spirit nor disease, and one dark night,

armed with lanterns and shovels, they proceeded at the witching hour on a quest for gold, and they dug and dug and dug, and soon came to the bones of a man, when one picked up the skull, and as he extracted a tooth for a memento, thus moralized: "Ah, ha! my fine fellow; once you would not have suffered a rude knave to knock you about the pate with a dirty shovel. Why lie you here unknown and unhonored in your long home? Were you——" But at this instant another of the trio struck that which he took to be the treasure, and with a scream that he had found it, drove his spade the harder. Just what happened then no one seems to clearly know, but the digger claims that the earth opened under his feet and he sank with a yell to his armpits, while all manner of uncanny noises came from out the darkness. The others managed to recover their wits, and pulled up the half-buried treasure-

hunter; but no one stopped for further search after gold, but tumbled the earth back as fast as could be and ran for home, never looking back for fear the evil one might be close behind. The man who found the buried riches was later taken with what was thought the dread disease, and there has been no treasure hunting around that rock since.

Cotissimoo, meaning a great spring of water, is said to be the earliest Indian name of this our beauty spot.

BY WAY OF THE WOODS.

Beyond Tashmoo there is a choice of roads where the guideboard points



Turn here for Lambert's Cove.

toward Lambert's Cove, and the writer inclines this way, as this is the quiet way, and one which the automobile does not so much frequent.

This is the usual attractive woodland road of this region, clean and solitary, arched with oaks beneath whose branches is spread a variegated carpet of huckleberry and other bushes; when conditions and season are right Indian pipes may be glimpsed among the lower foliage or the brilliant yellow-red of the wood lily, but mostly the road is a bower of living, sparkling green, streaked by the gray-brown of the tree trunks.

MAKONIKEY.

On the way we pass the entrance to that monumental failure, Makonikey, of which many a Vineyarder can truly say, we mourn our loss. This is a sightly spot, the eastern point of Lambert's Cove, where it seems as though a Summer colony should thrive. Here is found a very fine variety of clay which, converted into pottery, has disported itself in shop windows all over the island, and here is also found "brown coal", an outcrop of lignite, that at one time was thought of value.

LAMBERT'S COVE.

Just before we reach the road to Lambert's Cove beach the highway crosses Blackwater Brook, whose pictur-



By this token shall ye know Lambert's Cove.



Captain Nathan Smith's House, Makonikey,
Lambert's Cove.

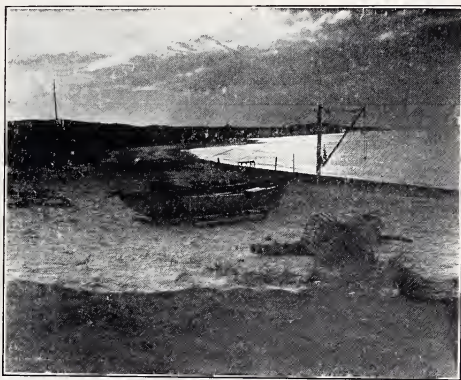
is now the case, and the cove was something of a resort for vessels. The British and Picaroons frequently landed here for the purpose of raiding the adjoining country during the struggle for freedom and the War of 1812.

BRITISH WATERLOO

Captain Nathan Smith, whose dwell-

esque surroundings catch the eye of an occasional artist.

Lombards it was originally, but the name has passed through the various stages of Lumberds, Lumbers, Lumberts, to Lamberts, as we know it. The scattering little village here was of more consequence a hundred or more years ago than



Lambert's Cove. Here Captain Nathan Smith saved his and his neighbors' cattle from British raiders.

ing still stands at Makonikey, was the foremost military man on the island during the Revolution, a man of character and ready wit, as the following story will illustrate:—

He chanced near the beach one day and discovered boats and British soldiers who had gathered some of his and his neighbors' cattle, preparatory to removing them to their vessels, and hurried back for help, but could secure none. All felt that it was hopeless and might bring down a worse vengeance on their defenseless heads. Not so Nathan, however. He donned his regimentals, and with plumes flying paraded behind a breast-high beach hummock, and when he had the attention of the marauders, turned his head toward the rear and shouted to the empty air, "Infantry open right and left; cavalry charge!" The effect was magical. The enemy scrambled for their boats and put to sea, "a jumping at their shadows", and the day and the cattle were saved.

THE DISAPPEARING PIG.

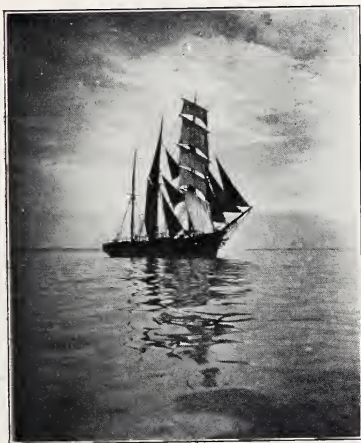
Then there is the story of the woman and the pig. Mrs. Luce, of Lombard's Cove, had a little son Joe, who had a little pig of which he was very fond. One day when the British landed for a forage they spied the pig and started into the yard to make his acquaintance. Joe saw them coming and knew only too well what they were after, and as the pig dodged out of sight behind the house he grabbed it and took it inside to his mother. That good lady had no time to think twice and no place of safety but one for the pig, and she promptly stowed him under her skirts and held him tight between her feet. The soldiers, with roast pig in mind, made diligent search inside of the house and out, but that pig which, a moment before, had been seen in the flesh, scampering around the house, had to all

intents and purposes vanished into thin air, and they finally had to give it up, and Joe was happy.

LAMBERT'S COVE IN EIGHTEEN TWELVE.

Here are two more, contributed to the Cottage City Star, in 1883, by Leander Daggett, who was at that time over 90 years of age:—

About 1813 a British privateer anchored in Lambert's Cove with a Long Island packet sloop which it had captured. During the night it blew heavy from the north and the prize parted two cables and came ashore. In the morning the citizens of the Cove cut away her mast to prevent "Johnny" from pulling her off. After the privateer sailed away the sloop was brought to Holmes Hole, carried up through Bass Creek, which then had 7 feet of water in its channel, and was laid up for the Winter at the head of the Lagoon.



Drifting.

Not long after another incident occurred at Lambert's Cove. David Butler, or one of his sons, found his store door open one morning, and discovered inside four men, one of whom had been frozen to death. The three living men, a lieutenant and two seamen, were taken to the house and revived, while Mrs. Butler got up a hot breakfast for them. When invited to the table, the lieutenant seated himself alone; but Mr.

BUTLER, believing that all men were at least equal on shore, stamped his foot impatiently and cried: "I command you to surround my table", and the officer then repeated the order.

They related that they had been sent out from a British brig then stationed in the Sound, to

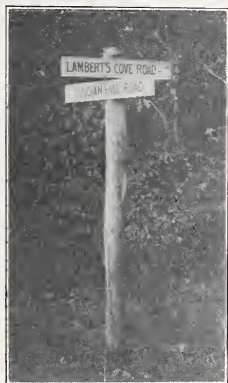


A fish pound and dories on the beach, Lambert's Cove.

chase a vessel, but were unable to overtake her, and night, with a heavy, cold northwest wind, coming on, they were driven ashore nearly perished. In the afternoon the men were allowed to return to the brig. In the meantime news had reached Holmes Hole that a boatload of men from the hated "Nimrod" had landed at the Cove, and a party came over to take them prisoners. The seamen had departed, however, before the party arrived, and it was fortunate that the adventure turned out as it did, as the captain of the brig stated that, had his men been captured, he would have laid the village in ashes, a thing he could easily have done, as the islanders had no means of defense.

FROM LAMBERT'S COVE.

From Lambert's Cove we look across the Middle Ground, that curious shoal which Professor Shaler calls a bit of submerged land. In "Letters from Chilmark", published in the



To Indian Hill. Leave the State Road here and follow a telephone wire to the next guide board (which reads, V. H., $4\frac{1}{2}$ m.; C. C., 7 m.; N. T., $\frac{1}{2}$ m.; W. T., $2\frac{1}{2}$ m.), there turn sharp to the right to a disused gate, and it's Indian Hill or back out.

Gazette in 1867, the statement is made that a sunken forest is found in the Sound where tops and branches of trees have been repeatedly taken up, and that this sunken forest extends far out among Nantucket's shoals.

An attractive cross country drive can be taken from here by way of Old House Pond, which will land one in the State Road once again. Or Indian Hill is handy by, though the road is somewhat circuitous. But when you go to Indian Hill, be sure you get there, for the hack drivers will one and all take you to what they call Indian Hill, because the going is easier for them.

INDIAN HILL.

The true Indian Hill is where Joe Mingo lives, and where the Coast Survey tripod is planted. From here not only is the Sound at one's feet—"one of the stateliest Sounds that ever I was in", says Gabriel Archer—but all the land across to the south shore.

The view of the Sound and the Elizabeth Islands is probably better from this spot than any other, as this is the narrowest point, it being less than four miles from Cedar Tree Neck to Tarpaulin Cove light. As we stand and gaze into Tarpaulin Cove from here, it is legitimate to tell its story of treasure trove, as those who had to do with the not finding of the gold were Vineyard men.

TARPAULIN COVE AND ITS TREASURE-TROVE.

Seth Daggett, pilot, while bringing in a New Bedford whaleship, was unable, owing to head winds, to enter Buzzard's Bay, and anchored in Tarpaulin Cove. While here he was approached by Captain Hillman of the whaler and a sailor, the sailor having previously inquired of the captain as to whether the pilot was trustworthy. He told them that years before he had visited this place in a French privateer, and that they had buried treasure;

that at the first opportunity, when unnoticed, he made a plan of the place; that he had shipped on this whaler in order to get back, as he knew the privateer had been captured, and believed the money to have been undisturbed. He feared, however, that when ashore at New Bedford he would get drunk and might lose his plan, and wanted Silas Daggett to keep it for him, promising that he would come over to the Vineyard as soon as he could, and suggesting that they then make a search. The sailor never came, and finally Daggett and Hillman went to New Bedford, to learn that he had been shanghaied. They then believed that it was legitimate for them to seek the treasure and did so, but found nothing.

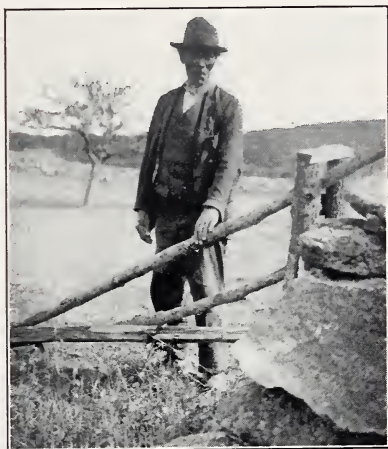
Capt. William Cleveland, when a boy, worked for Capt.



Booming down the Sound.

Richard Luce, the then keeper of the Light at Tarpaulin Cove, and he has stated that one morning when he went down to the spring for water he found a great gaping hole, from which something had evidently been removed. He then recalled that there had been a black sloop (it's always a black sloop) in the cove the night before, which had disappeared some time before dawn.

Whether this was the sequel of the sailor's story is of course not known, but the two dovetail nicely and there seems no good reason why it should not be.



Mr. Joseph Mingo, 82 years of age and as straight as an arrow.

CHRISTIANTOWN.

Indian Hill was Christiantown when there were Indians enough here to entitle the place to a name. At one time the population numbered sixty, but only Joe Mingo and his son with their families are left. I found Mr. Mingo, who is 82 years of age and as straight as an arrow, at work in his potato field. He told of the simple little shingled building down in the woods which was passed just before the Mingo

clearing was reached, which was built about 79 years ago for a schoolhouse, but there are no children now, and it is only used as an occasional chapel. This is the site of a good sized

meeting house at which one of the missionary Mayhews preached, and there still lies in the woods adjoining a great square stone, said to have been placed there by the Indians for the use of the missionary, and known as the Mayhew horse-block.

The "Dancing Field" is a level bit just under and east of the hilltop. Here the Indians are said by Mr. Mingo to have held their dances when preparing for war or the chase; on these occasions the musicians placed themselves on the slightly higher ground where the survey tripod stands.

WHERE TREASURE LIES.

Due north from Indian Hill, possibly within the limits of Lambert's Cove and some 50 feet back from the water, stands "Money" rock, 8 to 10 feet high; what the legend is I know not. And on the Mayhew Luce place near by is a great flat rock, under which pirates are said to have buried gold, so says Mr. Mingo. The nearest he ever came to finding buried treasure himself was when he thought he found it. He was ploughing on the Daggett place on West Chop, and as the furrow was turned saw something round which shone in the light, but before the oxen could be stopped he was 20 feet or so beyond the spot. Going back he and Daggett pawed the furrow over in very earnest fashion, but found nothing. And that is the end of that story.

BLUFFED AGAIN.

Somewhere along the North Shore, but just where my informant does not know, a party of British landed in an open boat and legend tells how one true heart, after attempting unsuccessfully to arouse the neighbors and secure a party to resist the invasion, found himself finally with only two others

to oppose the landing force, but, equal to the emergency, he appeared from behind a beach hummock, and in a loud voice called: "Halt! Two of you step out here and bind these men." And the enemy quietly submitted to capture, supposing a considerable body of troops to be held in readiness behind the hillock.

THE ATHEARN FARM.

We will now regain the State Road and journeying on through Middletown, or North Tisbury, which does not furnish forth much in the way of story so far as I have been able to learn, proceed down the North Road, but before doing so will sidestep for a moment to the Athearn farm, crossing the bridge of our picture. This farm lies in the corner formed by the State Road and Mill Brook, west of the road and south

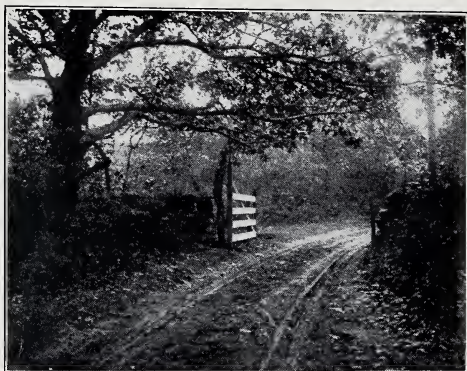


The State Road crosses Mill Brook.

of the brook. Formerly it was the Hezekiah Luce place, whose owner moved about 1784 to Conway, Mass., and became the

ancestor of Admiral Stephen Luce, now of Newport, R. I. The farm is also celebrated as the birthplace of Prince Athearn, who was second in command of the construction of the frigate "Constitution"—"Old Ironsides"—Col. George L. Claghorn, also a Vineyard man, being his chief.

THE N. S. SHALER ESTATE.



One of the "Seven Gates", Professor Shaler's place.

Now returning to the North Road we soon come to "Seven Gates", the estate of Prof. N. S. Shaler, a man who will long be remembered for his geniality and ability; his interest in the Vineyard was unlimited and the island is greatly indebted to him. Long ago the Professor

recognized the beauties of the North Shore, and after exploring its length settled on this spot as that more nearly meeting his ideals. He purchased seven farms, possessing himself of a large tract extending from the road to the water.

One of the farms purchased was the Lot Rogers place. Lot was a Revolutionary soldier, but his chiefest claim to glory lies in the fact that he is the great-grandfather of Henry H. Rogers, of Standard Oil fame.

Visitors are permitted to roam at will over the place, and probably will be permitted so to do as long as they behave

themselves. The estate is a delightful one in which to spend the hours. I last visited it in the Fall, and finally wandered out to where the surf could be seen breaking on the beach; there was no noise but that made by the waves and an occasional crow, which but intensified the stillness. The day was showery and the effect was solemn and isolated. No trivial thoughts can come amid such surroundings. The foliage, too, was beautiful; all shades of red and orange and yellow-green scattered in patches over the hillsides.

NORTH ROAD SPECIALTIES.

The North Road is a great place for wild flowers, in fact the further west one goes on the island the more the abundance and beauty of the flowers impress the traveler. Tansey with its delicate lemon yellow flower and soft, pale green foliage, an herb much used by the Indians, which it is said always marked the sites of their wigwams; Joe Pye Weed, named after a New England Indian on whose recommendation it was used by early settlers to stay some scourge where their own simples had failed; the brilliant Goldenrod, also a friend of the medicine man, nowhere more magnificent than in this moist climate—all are here to adorn the wayside. The magnificence of the Wild Rose and Sweet Briar will never be forgotten, once seen, but there are so many wild beauties by the way that it seems invidious to attempt a selection.

CAPT. GEORGE FRED TILTON.

Just before coming to the schoolhouse, a dwelling is passed on the right, where lives Capt. George Fred Tilton, and thereby hangs a tale—several of em', in fact. George Fred, as he is abbreviatedly called, is quite a wag, impersonator and story teller, and he loves a fast horse and knows how to drive one to

a successful finish. But all that is the lesser side of him, for he is one of the best known and most highly respected of whale-ship masters of the present generation. The following story shows why:—

In 1898 the whaling fleet was caught in the ice pack off Point Barrow, and it became necessary to summon help, lest all perish, "therefore Tilton (then mate of the 'Belvedere') filled his pockets with crackers and, with the Arctic night closing in upon him, he walked 3,000 miles to civilization and carried the message he had promised to deliver". As he said, "if any one can make the trip, I can". At Point Barrow he was fitted out with a sled drawn by eight young dogs and a sail to help when the wind favored, and with two Indian runners made a start October 27th, the general conviction being that he would perish by the way. His feet and hands were frozen, on the twelfth day the shelter tent was lost, the fierce winds at times blew them from the path, on the 15th day provisions gave out and they lived on a few frozen fish and their dogs, which were killed one by one. After days of starvation a village at Point



This is what he must live on—do not push him too hard.

Hope, 600 miles from the starting point, was reached. Here the Indian runners deserted, but a small quantity of food was secured, and an Indian and his wife volunteered to accompany him. Then twenty-nine days more of suffering; many days a single frozen fish was all there was to eat. Finally, on March 22d, Kodiak Islands

were reached, and a month later he arrived at San Francisco.

He has been in more than one tight squeeze in the Arctic, but if there is a way out he finds it.

So used is he to banging his way through ice floes that a mere human, even though he be a prize fighter, stands small show in Tilton's grip, as instance the way he took a fall out of Joe Choynski. It was in a San Francisco bar room where a company of whalemens were pledging good voyage. A big brute somewhat under the influence of liquor, swept all the glasses from the bar. Tilton ordered them filled again, and when the drunken man was about to repeat his performance Tilton picked him up and threw him on his back on the floor, and the prize fighter knew when he had enough.

GEOLOGY.

Professor Shaler says that "the pre-glacial topography of the island has been but little disturbed either by glacial erosion or by resulting drift coating. A close inspection makes it evident that all of the brooks of considerable size follow at the present time the channels they occupied before the ice came. In only two cases have I found that the morainal or other accumulations have changed in an important way the course of the waters".

It is assumed that the hills are the result of internal upheavals, rather than the erosive effect of the glacial epoch. Along this north side of the island are to be found morainal accumulations which have in places a thickness of from 20 to 50 feet.

Frontal morain deposits formed where the materials have been pushed before the glacier, exist along the north shore between Menemsha Pond and Tashmoo. The greater part of this section evidently lies on top of the tertiary beds. From

Prospect Hill to Indian Hill this frontal morain is singularly massive. These ridges are in great part composed of large blocks of syenite and other rocks derived from the main land which could only have been brought to their present position on the top of the tertiary beds by the shoving action of an ice sheet.

The accumulation of drift on the northwestern face of the island marks the place occupied by the ice front for a considerable period, from 12,000 to 24,000 years. In the central part of this northern belt the massive blocks of syenite are so numerous that on the steeper part of the hills the bare masses of angular fragments remind the observer of ruined cyclopean masonry. Over scores of acres in the central portion of this district the large fragments are so thickly packed together that there is hardly any place for soil.

The total amount of detritus material in this belt of morains between Gay Head and Tashmoo is greater than in any other



The North Shore hills from the North Road. No picture can do them justice.

deposit of this nature known to me (Shaler) in New England. None of the large rocks is from a point more than 50 miles away, though it is probable that some of the small fragments may have been brought from a much greater distance. It is possible that this mass represents the coarser erosion of a strip ten miles wide, extending 100 miles to the northward, the mud and sand which compose the greater part of the erosion is largely carried out to sea. (The above is condensed or quoted from Prof. Shaler's writings on the geology of the Vineyard.)

The North Road is one of the best of places from which to view these morainal deposits, at one spot in particular two adjoining knolls and the hollow between are so thickly strewn with great rocks as to suggest the utter collapse of some giant stronghold.

TO THE UNKNOWN.

We cross what the maps say is Howlands Brook, but which a few years ago was better known as Paint Mill Brook, there having been such a mill at one time at its mouth. In the old days this was the aim of many a day's picnic, but of late some old curmudgeon has put up a "no trespass" sign at the gate. Possibly this is the same "Deacon Frisbee" that Eugene Field sings about, who "sprinkled ashes where we used to slide":—

"Now, he who ever in his life has been a little boy
Will not reprove me when he hears the language I employ
To stigmatize as wickedness the Deacon's zealous spite
In interfering with the play wherein we found delight;
And so I say with confidence, not unalloyed of pride,
'Gol durn the man who sprinkles ashes where the youngsters
slide!"

But right across the way Tea Lane opens, and here is joy unconfined. We will, however, taste its sweets a little later.

having first to wait on Roaring Brook and Prospect Hill.

BECK'S BEACH.

As the road starts up a long, sandy hill a turn to the right takes one down to Beck's Beach, and a very attractive and interesting drive it is, though we are not going down there now. Rebecca Amos lived on the shore here in the days when the British were marauding these waters, and the good lady saw one day a British fleet headed in her direction. Now she had a few pieces of gold and silver that were very precious in her eyes, and she made up her mind that news of her wealth had been conveyed to the enemy and that they had sent a few men-o'-war to capture it. The money was kept in a tin cup in a dark corner. She had to think quick, or thought she did, and concluded to bury it outside of the house, so carefully keeping the building between herself and the graceless rascals, that they might not see what she was up to, she dug a hole in the sand, put in her treasure and, smoothing the earth over, went back to the house.



A brigantine under full sail.

The English never had the remotest idea of landing at that spot, but by the time Becky decided the danger was past, she had completely forgotten where the gold was buried, and having carefully avoided any marking of the spot, was never able to find it again, and to the best of my information and belief the

money is still there. We stopped for a moment near the foot of the hill to look down the cart track that leads to Beck's Beach, and stood longer than was intended, but now we plod on up through the sand, and just over the brow find another turn to the right and this leads on to Roaring Brook, a fine place for a day's outing, and where it is possible to secure a little added provender should the sandwiches not go around.

COL. GEORGE L. CLAGHORN.

It was probably in this immediate vicinity that Col. Geo. L. Claghorn, son of Shubael, was born July 6, 1748. Chilmark, for we are now within the confines of that town, furnished very substantial aid to the government during the War of 1812, first through this son, of whom she is so justly proud, the designer and constructor of the frigate "Constitution", that nearly drove the British Navy off the ocean. Colonel Claghorn was active during the Revolution, having served in that war as lieutenant, captain and major. After the Revolution the Colonel appears to have turned his hand to the building of vessels, for we find that the first whaler to round Cape Horn, 1791, was the "Rebecca", built in New Bedford by Colonel Claghorn.

WHAT VINEYARD BOG-ORE DID FOR ITS COUNTRY.

An old map of 1782, published in "Letters from an American Farmer", locates near Prospect Hill an "iron mine, the ore of which is carried to the forges in Taunton". It is quite probable that it was from this mine that bog ore was shipped to Colonel Murdock at Carver, Mass., there to be smelted and cast into shot for the "Constitution" when she was fitting out in Boston in 1814. Every pound of the ore was weighed on the Holmes Hole beach by Mr. Jonathan Luce, Sr., and then shipped in small "wood sloops" to Wareham and thence taken

to Carver. No sooner did the "Constitution receive these balls than she sailed, under command of Capt. Charles Stewart, for Madeira, where she attacked and captured the two British ships of war, the "Cyane" and the "Levant". "It was Vineyard bog-gore that did the job."

ROARING BROOK.

Roaring Brook roars you as gently as any sucking dove; those who named it must have come from a flat country where any sort of babble from a brook seemed ferocious. Thus the name may arouse expectations that lead to disappointment, though it is a beautiful little brook all the same.

Here stands the old grist mill, built in 1849 by Francis Nye, on the site of a still earlier one. When pushed it could grind thirty bushels of corn a day, but grist mills do not pay in these days, and it is some time since the mill has done business, though as recently as April, 1906, the owner set the



The old grist mill, Roaring Brook, 1849.

wheels in motion for the sake of having a little real corn meal such as cannot be bought in these pure food days. Paint was also ground here to some extent, and clay for soap makers. When the mill ceased to pay, Mr. Manter, the miller, kept a grocery store when the brick works near the beach were going

and there were folks to buy. His rating in the mercantile agency book, while not as large as some for capital, was highest grade for credit.

PRECIPITATE ACTION OF THE NORTH SHORE.

Doctor Freeman wrote in 1807:—

“About ten years ago, a piece of ground, above an acre in extent, and near a cliff, sunk in a moment to the perpendicular depth of more than 70 feet. It went down with a noise resembling that of an earthquake; but was seen by no one, as it happened during the night. At the same time a part of the beach, at the boundary of high water, rose to the height of 20 feet, and composed a mingled mass of sand, clay and stones. Several years before the land sunk, cracks were observed in the ground, about 10 rods off. As the land there is high, the sunken place still remained about 10 feet above the ground”. This place is near Roaring Brook, “somewhat more than 2 m. N. N. W. from Chilmark meeting house”. The raised part has been entirely washed away by the sea. The Balance, a paper published at Hudson, N. Y., gives an account in 1802 of the submerging of a considerable tract of land on the western part of the island which occurred some years before. This probably refers to the same phenomenon.

MORE PIRATE GOLD.

There is an unconfirmed rumor that pirates once landed on this shore and, following Roaring Brook to the spring which gives it being, there buried their money. It would seem as though tilling the soil of this treasure island would be difficult for the pots of gold the ploughshare must encounter.

WHEN ROARING BROOK WORKED.

A Mr. Harris started a brick yard at the mouth of Roaring



Ruins of the brick works, Roaring Brook.

Brook about fifty years ago and manufactured pressed brick. He did very well until all the available wood was used up, but finally gave up the business for lack of fuel. Nothing has been done here for thirty years, and now all that remains is a brick smokestack, a great water wheel, broken down

walls, a dwelling and an unlimited quantity of clay. Chilmark contains beds of alum clay which yield 30 to 35 per cent of pure alum.

An antiquated aqueduct which once carried water from the brook to the deserted kaolin works a quarter of a mile below on the shore is interesting for its crudity. It is an abject ruin now, looking as though it might have been constructed a thousand years ago.

PROSPECT HILL.

Prospect Hill is but a half mile west, and from its summit is to be had another extensive view much the same as Indian Hill gives us, only this time there is more water and Gay Head lies as a map below.

During the War of 1812 a British war brig entered Menemsha Bight and the inhabitants were greatly alarmed, as in imagination they saw their sheep and cattle on the way to

British bellies. To fight was out of the question, but a bluff might work, and so Simon Mayhew, one Clifford and others, got out their old "King's arms", and those who had no guns took rails from nearby fences, and proceeding to Prospect Hill they took up their line of march around its summit. This they kept up all day, appearing and disappearing, until to the bewildered enemy it seemed that a vast army was collecting, and



Prospect Hill from Roaring Brook.

as discretion is always the better part of valor, they spread their sails and silently stole away. There is a local belief that those who participated in this bloodless victory received a pension from the government.

THE NAMING OF TEA LANE.

Beyond Prospect Hill lies Menemsha and Menemsha Pond, but we will get at that later from Chilmark, for we are now about to zigzag over to West Tisbury by way of Tea Lane, one of the most attractive little out-of-the-way roadlets on the island.

THE BALLAD OF TEA LANE.

This is how Tea Lane
Came by its ancient name,
In the strenuous days of '76,
When drinking tea got folks in a fix.

'Twas Robert Hillman, he
From London brought some tea
To his sister-in-law who dwelt on the lane,
That she might drink and her health regain.

The general sentiment said no tea,
And the general public was true to the plea
To ban the stuff till our rights were assured,
And the King of his taxing distemper cured.

When the neighbors called to inquire her health,
They could sniff the tea, but saw none on the shelf.
And it was friendly gossip over the lea,
That Mrs. Hillman was drinking tea.

The friends all thought the sick should be
Exempt from the ban against drinking tea;
And quite forgot in their gossiping round
Those who to enforce the law were bound.

But these in their might came down one night
And turned the house up-side-down quite,
In their quest for the contrabanded tea
That rumor said she was drinking free.

But search as they would not a speck could the crew
Unearth of that dreadfully wicked brew,
Though from cellar to garret they poked and they peered,
Into tea cups and tea pots they looked and they leered.

And off they must go with empty hands,
With nothing to show for their pains and their plans;
While the neighbors smiled in a tolerant way,
Well pleased that the law was held at bay.

And again through the country-side, clear to the sea,
It was told how the sick one was still drinking tea.
How when her friends called the delightful aroma
Swept out of the door as they asked for the owner.

And again came rumors to those in power
That got on their nerves and made them glower;
They were friends of the Hillmans, as well as neighbors,
And disliked and feared the result of their labors.

But duty was duty, and once more they came
From Edgartown way up over the plain.
And they looked again, but they looked in vain,
And they asked all manner of questions insane.

For out in the barn was the tea hidden snug,
And never a single ugly mug
Thought to look so far from the kitchen fire
For the brew that hot water made one desire.

So Mrs. Hillman was left quite free
To drink her fill of the London tea.
And thus came the lane by its well-earned name
Though my search for the reason had all been in vain

Till I found Mrs. Manter, whose mind is well stored
With legends and tales and facts, a great hoard
Which she freely dispenses to all who may seek,
Down in the mill by Roaring Brook Creek.

Mrs. Manter, you know, comes straight down the line
Of that very Hillman who from over the brine
Brought London tea; and so you see
That's how she knows the truth to be.



The house that gave Tea Lane its name.

At the time of our story the Hillman house, which is the only one on the west side of the lane, and is possibly 200 years old, was occupied by Silas Hillman, whose wife Eunice was an invalid, and the story told above is said, by Mrs. Rebecca Manter, to be literally true. She is the great-granddaughter

of the Robert Hillman who brought over "4" pounds of tea from London. The story has been handed down in the family.

TEA LANE IN PROSE.

The story of its naming is told, but the story of Tea Lane can never be adequately told in words. Starting amid the swampy head of Paint Mill Brook it offers all the luxurious rankness of the marshes, with their many flowers and graceful grasses.



A decorative suggestion from Tea Lane.

Sweet Pepperbush or White Alder lines the way the moment the ground becomes a bit firm, its white clustered racemes catching the eye as its incense does the nostril; the air is suffocated with its sweet perfume. Then comes the higher ground and close contact with the hills that the east

and west roads do not give. It is a matter of common remark that a specimen of every wild growth on the island can be found on Tea Lane. A few old skeletons of cherry trees shake their withered fingers at one, for all the world like some grumpy old chap, filled with dyspepsia, who thinks the world should be as gloomy as he. Beyond these we pass on the left the house of Granville Manter, a man of prominence in his day.

Near the top of the ridge is an intimate little view of the fields that is like a friendly introduction. It is a great place to

get in close touch with the Chilmark country, a farmers' road little used, and that carriages seldom travel; in fact there are many places where teams cannot pass each other, the track being as narrow as the road to Paradise, though far from as straight. One is tempted to throw the reins on the horse's back and let him browse along, and so comes the Middle Road, long before it's needed. Just before the Middle Road comes into view the house that gave Tea Lane its name is seen standing well back from the byway.

Around the corner on the Middle Road stands the Chilmark church with its surrounding settlement of houses, but we are going the other way.

WEST TISBURY.

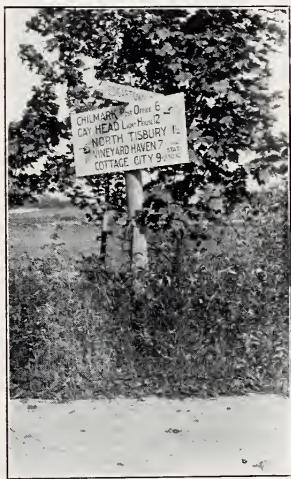
THE MYSTERY OF THE BUTLER HOUSE.

The Middle Road follows a central valley between the ridges to Chilmark village and it has the reputation of being somewhat rough, but the stretch from Tea Lane to West Tisbury village is entirely satisfactory as I recall it. The second house passed on the right and now known as the "Billy

Mitchell place" was formerly the Butler farm, supposed to have been purchased and the house erected with a find of buried treasure. Mr. Butler was a poor man, very poor, with no rich relatives to inherit from, but one fine day he blossomed as the rose, and as he kept his own counsel and his neighbors could only guess, it was concluded that he had stumbled on the hidden hoard of some pirate.

TYASQUAM RIVER IS CROSSED
AND THE WATERS RISE.

The road crosses the Tyasquam River three times, according to the map, but for the first two crossings one must look sharp if he would



From West Tisbury.

discover them. In 1737 the Rev. Mr. Homes wrote that in consequence of a long continued rain the Vineyard rivers overflowed their banks and the near-by mowing grounds were "very much damnified". Shortly after the last crossing the way climbs a gentle hill and from its top looks down on a typical New England village landscape; West Tis-

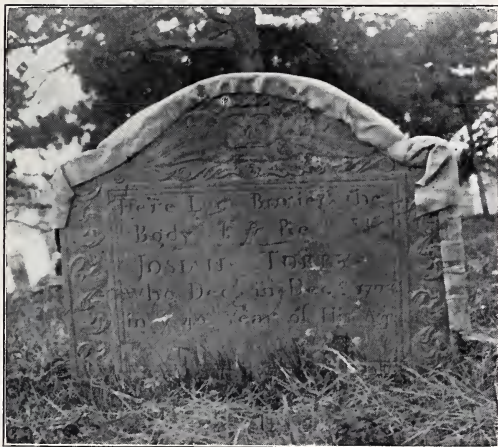


Here lyes buried the body of Doct. Thos. West.
Died Sept. ye 6th, 1706, in the 60th year of his age.

bury village lies before us. In 1867 it was written that the West Tisbury end of the Middle Road was so crooked that it would puzzle the great Path Finder himself to get into it.

EARLY ROADS ON THE VINEYARD.

The first public road to the westward from Edgartown, and the only one for a hundred years, was that now called the South Road; it was probably the trail of the Indian in earlier times. This was the only open road; on others the equestrian is said to have opened gates and let down bars at the rate of about five in every three minutes. It must have been some such way that our friend Mr. S. A. Devens traveled in 1838, for he notes



Here lies Buried the Body of ye Rev'd Mr. Josiah Torrey, who de'd in December, 1723, in ye 42nd year of his age. The memory of the just is blessed.

that in going from Edgartown to Gay Head it was necessary to pass through some thirty pairs of bars, although Doctor Freeman speaks in 1807 of a public road that extends from Edgartown to within six miles of Gay Head. Apparently the two gentlemen did not go the same way. The second east

and west road was the Middle Road, and last came the North Road. In 1807 the other roads were from West Tisbury to Holmes Hole, from which branched a third to Lambert's Cove, while a fourth ran from Holmes Hole to Edgartown, with a branch through Farm Neck to Eastville, the first being the Edgartown-Tisbury-South Road.

TISBURY REDEEMED FROM THE HEATHEN.

August 2, 1669, Tisbury was purchased from the Indians by William Pabodie, Josias Standish, James Allen and James Skiffe. The Indian name of the region was Takemmy. William Pabodie (Peabody) was from Plymouth. He married the first white child born in New England, Elizabeth Alden,

daughter of John and Priscilla. Josias Standish was a son of the famous Capt. Miles Standish. July 8, 1671, the town of Tisbury was incorporated by Governor Lovelace, of New York, it being named after the birthplace of Governor Mayhew.



TISBURY NOTES.

Not a great deal has been gathered in

the way of incident connected with West Tisbury village, but what I have is freely given. There still stands within the village and on the road which makes for Vineyard Haven a well kept house known as "the house where the powder was stored". Tradition says that when the island was raided by Gray, part of the cellar under this dwelling was hastily walled off, thus secreting a quantity of powder, guns, and possibly valuables. By the time the soldiers arrived the mortar had dried so that the new work looked like part of the foundation walls of the house. The then occupant was Capt. Samuel Cobb, who died September 17, 1786, aged 96 years. The troops while here camped along the brook within a stone's throw of this house.

Josias Standish owned the present Whiting farm, where are located the racetrack and Congregational parsonage, a

Where the powder was stored. Just to the left, bordering the brook, is where the British under Gray camped.

combination, by the way, which might well draw comment.



Site of the Peabody house, West Tisbury. Wm. Peabody, of Plymouth, was one of the original purchasers of the land now embraced in the town of West Tisbury.

THE HORSE TRADER

The racetrack reminds us of an old fellow who lived somewhere between Vineyard Haven and Gay Head, who was a good deal of a horse trader, and like most of his tribe not over particular.

Curiosity was aroused and much speculation indulged in when he one day stopped at the vil-

lage drug store for six bottles of hair dye, but all was explained a few days later when the druggist saw our horseman coming into the village with what appeared to be a fine black colt. He was hailed with the remark that his new horse was a handsome one. "Well, not exactly new", says the old fellow. "Fact is, there is nothing new about him but the hair dye."

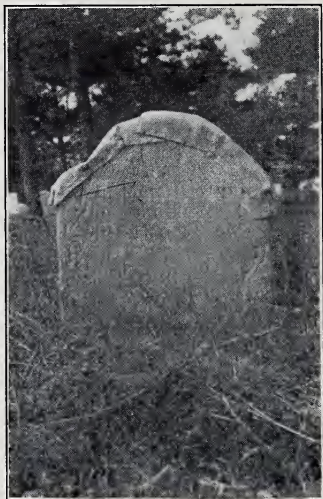
Uncle Joe, if that was his name, worked the horse off on some one at Gay Head, and it was said the purchaser was pretty badly taken in. Now Uncle Joe was a good Methodist, as was also Aunt Becky, and when the story got to the old lady, as it did in the course of time, in all its details, the good woman was sadly shocked, and raising her hands and eyes to Heaven ex-

claimed what a bad man was that druggist who sold the hair dye.

JAMES ATHEARN JONES.

James Athearn Jones was born October 17, 1791, in West Tisbury town, in a house near the seashore and directly on the Edgartown boundary line. He early gave evidence of literary ability, and studied under Rev. Joseph Thaxter and others. For years he traveled among the Indians and elsewhere, making a study of Indian legends and wrote considerable prose and poetry. The following verse from the "Storm at Sea" is said to be a good example of his work:—

"I ride along the dark blue ocean
 On the sportive dolphin's
 back;
 And I sink to rest in the fathomless caves
 Beyond the sea-shark's track.
 I hide my head in the pitiless storm
 In caverns dark and deep;
 My couch of ooze is pleasant and warm,
 And soft and sweet my sleep.
 I rise again when the winds are still,
 And the waves have sunk to rest;
 And call, with my conch-shell, strong and shrill,
 My mate to the Salt Lake's breast."



In memory of Mr. John Peas.
 Died March, 1699, in ye 33rd year of
 his age.

He finally returned to Tisbury and lived in the old house, astonishing his neighbors with the crops he raised. Once when he was working in a field near his home with others who were ploughing, the ploughshare turned up a pot of money, but Jones, who was in another part of the field, knew nothing of the find, and his friends neglected to tell him. When they reached the end of the furrow they knocked off work, though the hour was unseasonable, and persuaded him to leave the



Old Mill, West Tisbury.

The last satinnet the old mill made was thus advertised:

VINEYARD SATINET!

The subscriber is now having manufactured at the factory in West Tisbury 1,000 yards of the real old-fashioned Vineyard Satinet. These goods will be far superior to any other goods of their class, as they are made of the best of Vineyard wool after the old-fashioned pound to the yard rule. It will be shown that the making of this celebrated cloth is not among the lost arts, and that it can be made so that it will wear as well as ever. There are three colors—black, light and dark brown. Retail price, \$1.25 per yard.

WILLIAM J. ROTCH.

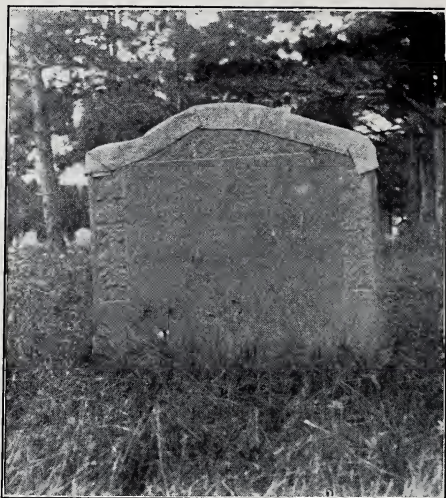
West Tisbury, Nov. 6, 1873.

field with them, and when rid of Mr. Jones came back and collected the cash. The story got out in due time, when Jones, hearing of it, quoted at himself the old proverb that "He that by the plough would thrive, himself must either hold or drive", which seemed to fit the case about as well as need be. This is said to be the only case actually known where buried gold has

been found. Tiring of the farm, Mr. Jones removed to West Tisbury village where he built a store which is now used as the post-office, and here he lived for a number of years. During this period he wrote, among other things, a narrative of the shipwreck in 1842 of the "William and Joseph", Capt. Elisha Dexter (of Holmes Hole), master. From here he moved to Buffalo, N. Y., and thence to Brooklyn, where he died.

JAMES ATHEARN, ESQ.

A document has recently come to light, dated 1778, wherein a number of West Tisbury men made James Athearn, Esq., their attorney for the collection of any prize money they might be entitled to on their contemplated cruise against the enemies of the United States in the privateer "Sally". It is signed by Manters, Cases, Peases, Luces and others. Nothing is known as to the identity of the "Sally" or the outcome of the trip. This James Athearn was one of the foremost men of the island in his day. On a map



Here lyes ye body of Mr. John Mayhew, that worthy, laborious minister of ye gospell to ye inhabitants of Tisbury & Chilmark united and to ye Christian Indians, who died February ye 2nd, 1688. Ætatis 37.

The oldest gravestone on the Vineyard.



The "Spray" in which Captain Joshua Slocum sailed alone around the world.

published in 1782 his house is located, as are also those of Beriah Norton in Edgartown, and Dr. Mayhew in Chilmark.

CAPT. JOSHUA SLOCUM.

A half mile from the West Tisbury postoffice, on the Edgartown road, lives Capt. Joshua Slocum, author of "Sailing Alone Around the World". During the Fall of 1907 the Captain was making arrangements to leave in his yawl "Spray" for South America, the object of his trip being the exploration of the Orinoco River.

DEEP BOTTOM AND NANCY LUCE.

A short distance out of West Tisbury village on the road to Edgartown lies Deep Bottom, where the last Indian wigwam stood. And in this same general direction, but near the arm of the Great Tisbury Pond, known as Tyers Cove, once lived a light-headed lady named Nancy Luce, who was what one might call chicken mad; she exalted her pets to her own level, and when her fowl friends died carefully marked their graves with tombstones bearing appropriate inscriptions. The peculiarities of Nancy Luce attracted many visitors, and she had wit enough to make money out of them with her photographs and poetry, though she wrote of them: "They come from Vineyard Haven and Edgartown, and I feel sick, all

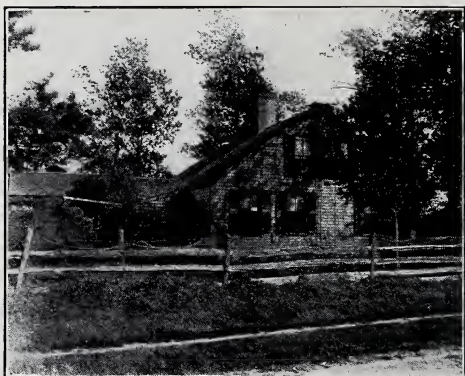
my time murdered so much." One of her orders for fuel was "2 barrels coke cole, that sort the kerosene is all took out of it".

GEOLOGY.

The south side of the island is largely composed of what the geologist calls terrace deposits; that is, the finer material brought down

by the glaciers and formed by tidal action or by the action of the waves at some distance from the ice front. On the Vineyard this has resulted in a nearly flat surface cast in gentle undulations, through which run shallow valleys that extend from the base of the kame deposits, of coarser material, in a nearly southerly direction to the shore line, these generally terminating in the various ponds or coves which indent the southern shore of the island. The only explanation which can be given of these troughs is that they were the channels through which the sub-glacial streams found their way seaward.

The Vineyard was under possibly 300 feet of water when this was going on, the whole being suddenly elevated by "mountain-building forces", for if exposed to the action of the waves, for even a month, much of the sand formation now extant would have been destroyed.



The oldest house in West Tisbury village, known as the John E. Johnson house.

EARTHQUAKES ON MARTHA'S VINEYARD.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the Diary of Rev. William Homes records in 1727, and again in 1737, that earthquake shocks were felt on the island, of the first of which he says "it was considerably great".

PROFESSOR SHALER DESCRIBES THIS PART OF THE ISLAND.

Professor Shaler wrote much of this part of the island, and he knew his subject so well and his rendering of the English language is so beautiful that I am tempted to quote at length from an article of his which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly of December, 1874. He says:—

"To the south (from West Tisbury) the valley sinks in widening fields that merge in a vast open wold. The beautiful brook which gathers its pure waters in the hills to the west-

ward, and becomes in a few miles a little river, expands into a great pond with irregular shores and a narrow channel, through which it escapes into the sea.

* * * The air here is of liquid purity, though lucent from the great store of moisture it receives.

* * * The soft air, the broad smooth fields, the rounded



On the South Road. The Hannah Look house, a gay, dashing widow with plenty of money. Known as the "Queen".

domes of foliage, and the universal green, together with the drowse in which all is steeped, carries us irresistibly to our 'old home'. It needs the glaring white of yon church tower, which comes as a tower should from the leafy tents of some noble trees, to tell us that it is in the kingdom of white-painted New England that this scene belongs. * * *

"From all points this island is more like the Isle of Wight than things are often like each other in this world. * * *

"A little mill sits astride the dancing brook with a business-like air, but the grass and bushes of many years' growth gathered around its doors suggest anything but work. * * *

"Some of the fields of maize and wheat are as good as one finds in the Connecticut Valley. I have never seen better ground for the gardener. Strawberries grow as in Southern France; roses have a glory unattainable anywhere else in New England.

"The Summer climate at least is the freest from exasperation, the most calming I have ever felt, without producing lassitude. It brings a physical repose which it is impossible to get in our mountains or northern seashores. * * *

"The expectancy of life is about double what it is in Boston. * * *

"From Tisbury westward we have a range of hills, monuments to the old glacial sheet which once bridged the gap between the island and the main shore. Over it were carried the enormous boulders of puddingstone and syenite from the neighborhood of Boston and other parts of the continent to the northward."

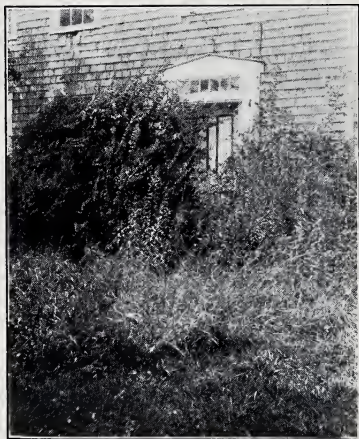
"TISBURY RIVER."

Professor Shaler speaks of the "Tisbury River", the bed of

which can plainly be seen on the left as one leaves the village of West Tisbury for Vineyard Haven by the road across the plains, as the largest of those excavated thousands of years ago. This, he says, is about one-third of a mile wide and more than 100 feet deep (the actual depth showing to-day is probably 5 to 6 feet, as indicated by the west bank). "Upon this normal and well-developed topography, which indicates a continuance of stream erosion that must have occupied a period to be measured by tens of thousands of years, came the glacier of the last ice epoch. * * * The ice sheet failed to obliterate many details of the topography which were due to differential erosion before the advent of the glacier."

CHILMARK.

ON THE SOUTH ROAD.



Door of the only deserted house on the
South Road.

The South Road out of West Tisbury is in the beginning much like other Vineyard roads until we come within sight of Chilmark Pond and the ocean and then begins a wonderful living, moving picture. A foreground of pasture lands dotted with sheep and occasional homes, with here and there a well or some other homely suggestion off in a field by itself. Beyond are the quiet waters of the pond, the strip of sand beach and the limit-

less Atlantic, a vast desolation where no living thing shows, and yet a silver sea with the bright sun on it, sparkling and flashing with every breath of air. Though solitary enough now, there have been moving pictures of great excitement within sight of this shore.

CHASED BY A PRIVATEER.

From "Voyages of an Old Sea Captain" we have the follow-

ing story, told by Capt. Jeremiah Holmes himself. In 1813 Captain Holmes, a Connecticut sailorman, was given the command of the famous sloop "Hero", in which he left Charleston with a load of cotton and other articles for the north in February, 1813, and dodged the English blockading squadron until near No Man's Land, when "I discovered a brig on my weather quarter", and "at once spread all my canvass and squared away before the wind. The brig came bounding after me. * * * I now made two English frigates directly on my bow. * * * I jibed and stood to the eastward * * * but I shortly headed toward Martha's Vineyard.

"The wind now died away, and we were close in to No Man's Land. The brig lowered her boat armed with muskets and prosecuted the chase". The small "boat pressed so closely upon me that the man in her bow with a musket fired upon me and put a number of balls through my sails. But for my consideration this bowsman would have lost his life. I had three passengers on board; one of these was a Mr. Spencer, of Vermont, who had a prime rifle, and proposed to prove his expertness with his piece at the same time that he should evince his patriotism by laying this armed bowsman in the bottom of the boat. I requested a little delay. Counting upon what might occur, I made the "Hero" ready for defense. I said to my passengers: 'Now, gentlemen, you have got to fight or go to Halifax.' We had no relish for Halifax. I had the men and passengers at work at once, and I locked the companionway to hold all the strength on deck. We arranged the bales of cotton in tiers like a bulwark. I then had a quantity of ballast stones and all available arms ready to give the privateer a suitable reception. Fortunately, however, at this moment, when

affairs were about to come to arms, a breeze sprung up, and I soon left the assailant with no other choice than to return to the brig.

"I now ran between No Man's Land and a reef and stood on to the northward. The brig dared not follow, but remained outside and was becalmed.

"The brig (an English privateer, the 'Sir John Sherbrook') had an American Jack from her fore-topgallant masthead for a pilot. * * * Nearing land we fell in with a number of small fishing vessels. One of these, the smack 'Fair Haven', of Edgartown, ran down and furnished the brig with a pilot."



"The great waves roll with solemn regularity on the shore; they are never still."

THE SOUTH SHORE.

These fields we are looking across are down on the map of 1782, before referred to, as "the best mowing grounds in the island, yielding four tons of black grass per acre". Of this South Shore we will again quote from Professor Shaler, who writes that it "is beaten by the surges which can roll directly down upon it from 6,000 miles of water. * * * The great waves roll with solemn regularity on the shore; they are never still. In a calm they are stately waves; in the usual Summer weather they sweep up and down the slope like the swinging of some mighty pendulum. When the storm drives them they dash like wild beasts up the rampart of the beach, and clutch over it at the land. Wherever we are on the island, their ceaseless tramp will at times each day, and through the whole night, master all the lesser sounds, and fill us with the sombre monotone."

STONE FOR FENCING.

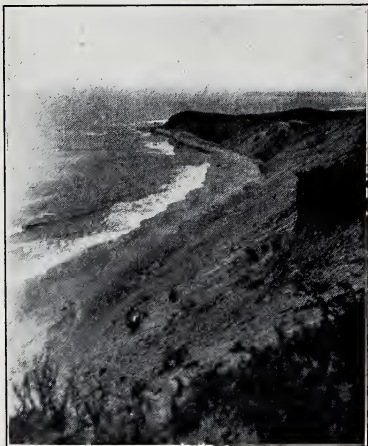
As long ago as '67 there were 40 miles of stone walls in Chilmark, these walls where they surmount the hills and silhouette against the sky, being made almost entirely of round stones, look like the fancy filament of a queen's crown and add not a little to the landscape. Mr. J. Hector St. John made the great and interesting discovery in 1782 that "Chilmark contains stone for fencing"!

EXPERIENCE MAYHEW HOUSE.

Between Queenames and Quansoo stands the old Experience Mayhew house, the oldest Mayhew house in Chilmark, now known as the Whiting place. Here once lived William Mayhew, and to his house some 50 to 75 years ago came two sailors for shelter, and they worked all night digging, sup-

posedly for treasure. Their story will be told when we reach Squibnocket.

OF FISHING.



The Chilmark Cliffs. In the dim distance
Squibnocket.

But there are other forms of wealth here besides that buried in the ground by man, and it comes quite as unexpectedly at times as would the discovery of pirate gold. So recently as December of last year 20 barrels of perch were shipped from Chilmark, and as a previous shipment had netted at the rate of \$25 a barrel, that is quite a nice little sum of money to find, for it was about as accidental a find as could happen. "The fishermen had seined the

pond twice with no success. At last they put the seine in the pond to clear it and then to go home, and drawing it to the shore, to their astonishment the net was filled with fish." It was indeed a miraculous draught.

"TYSBURY MANNOR."

"Tysbury Mannor" was incorporated by Governor Lovelace on July 8, 1671, as well as Edgartown and Tisbury. This Manor contained several parcels of land, which had been purchased of the Indians by Thomas Mayhew, "together with two of the Elizabeth Islands. * * * and several other small and inconsiderable islands in Monument Bay". All of these lands

lying westward of the Tisbury town line were embraced in the town of Chilmark upon its incorporation in 1714. Chilmark adjoins Tisbury on the Vineyard even as it does in England. The name was evidently in use a long time previous to its incorporation, as old documents refer to "The Manor of Tisbury alias Chilmark".

HERE ALSO CAME THE BRITISH.

A Chilmark echo of the Revolution is found in the Acts and Laws of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts of 1784-5:—

"June 10, 1785, On the petition of Elijah Smith of Chilmark * * * Collector of taxes for the year 1777 * * * that he had collected thereon about £390 which was taken from him * * * by a British officer, who carried them off.

"Resolved, that the Treasurer be * * * ordered to credit the said Elijah Smith the sum of £390", etc.

And again, "Oct. 28, 1785. The petition of Ezra Tilton, Collector for the town of Chilmark, was granted; it setting forth that in June, 1782, he was forced by the enemy to deliver up his tax lists, warrants, and £150 in money which be placed to his credit."

WINDYGATES.

As we enter Chilmark village, a road is seen leading



Looking east along the Chilmark Cliffs.

to the Summer estate known as "Windygates", which covers the bluffs of Wesquabsque or Chilmark Cliffs, from which can be had a magnificent survey of the ocean—far, vast and dim. The cliffs lack the colors of Gay Head, but are quite as wonderful, "rough, full of gullies and crevices, steep, wild and irregular in their appearance", while the undulating land above is being rapidly redeemed from a windswept sand dune by the judicious planting of trees, shrubs and groundlings, heather, broom and the hardier grasses that will tie the sand down.

THE WASTING OF THE CHILMARK CLIFFS.

Professor Whiting noted that during the forty years between 1846-86, a period during which he frequently surveyed the island, the shore in the central part of these cliffs moved into the island 220 feet, an average of $5\frac{1}{2}$ feet per annum. The detritus from these cliffs forms the extensive shoals and



Peculiar marking on the sloping sands of Chilmark Cliffs.

beaches along the South Shore. While it is not safe to consider the various evidences of erosion as indicating the long continued wearing of the land at anything like such a rate as is now going on, still Doctor Freeman notes in 1807 that "this part of the shore, from certain marks, is known

to have lost a half mile in breadth in the course of 80 or 90 years”.

A tradition is said to exist that 100 years ago it was possible to skate from Tisbury Pond to Edgartown village along the line of connected bays that are now separated into individual ponds, but the map of 1782 does not support such tradition, and it may be that the tradition goes back 200 years.



Known as the Herman Vincent House, Chilmark.

Former home of Deacon Simon Mayhew who was 16 years tutor at Harvard, several years a preacher of the gospel, a member of the Continental Congress, and at the time of his death, March 31, 1782, Chief Judge in the County of Dukes County.

CHILMARK VILLAGE.

Chilmark village was formerly known as Beetle Bung Corners for here grew hornbeam trees the wood of which was turned into beetles. One of the most prominent features as one approaches the village is Sugarloaf Rock, which is the chief diadem of a stone wall circlet that crowns a nearby hilltop.

MOSHOP'S BED AND PILLOWS.



Moshop's bed and pillows. Originally the pillows lay on the bed as they were placed when the glacier made it up.

One of the most peculiar of the large rocks on the island is known as the "Devil's bed and pillows", to reach which from the village we take the North Road back a half mile or so, and after passing the first house on the west or north, ascending a brief hill and dipping down to

the bottom of the next hollow we stop at a pair of bars on the left and climb these and the hill straight up to a stone wall that looms overhead, so stiff is the upness of the hill. And just over this wall do we find the Old Boy's resting place with the pillows on the ground at its head and the bolster lying off by its side. The odd combination of the flat rock



In Chilmark village. The schoolhouse and Elliott Mayhew's store.

about 30 feet long, with its rounded edges, which was presumably rafted to the spot by ice and the two singularly round "pillow" stones that once stood on one end of the "bed" is very striking.

Professor Shaler believed that the distribution of the drift in the southern part of Martha's Vineyard is such as to suggest that "the glacier did not, save in certain small, tongue-like projections, extend south of Tisbury River", and that the drift south of that stream was all ice-rafted to its present site, while the island was under water, for such materials appear on its very highest land.

This part of the hilltop—Peaked Hill—is a wilderness of tumbled stones, and looks as though old Moshop might have dusted them out of his salt-shaker some time when the earth needed a great deal of seasoning. The numerous walls attest the number of lesser stones, while the fields are strewn thick with the greater ones. Down in the valley, from whence we came, is or was Balanced or Cradle rock, but some inquisitive gentleman with a crowbar once thought to have the secret of its rocking motion and so completely upset was the stone that it has never quite regained its equilibrium.

THE VIEW FROM PEAKED HILL.

Peaked Hill is 311 feet high, being superior to Prospect Hill by 3 feet, and being in the centre of things it furnishes forth a much more extended view, covering a tremendous reach of water and land. Far to the east and south sweeps the Atlantic, whose surges thunder at our very feet, while the waves of the ocean are continued by the waves of the land, very little of which is level. Chilmark Cliffs and distant No Man's Land stand out in the strong glint of sun and water.

Squibnocket, Gay Head, Menemsha Bight and the Sound, Cuttyhunk and other of the Elizabeth Islands all follow as one swings from south to west and north, while across the level plains toward the east gleam the white homes of West Tisbury.

MENEMSHA.

The road for the picturesque fishing village of Menemsha starts from Chilmark postoffice. It looks on the map as though the South Road had taken it into its head to go north. Here the fields are covered with drying nets, when they are not in use, and "old sea captains looking like the animated figureheads of old-fashioned ships" everywhere abound. The Pond is another of those arms of the sea shut in by a walled beach of sand and forming a snug harbor for the small boats engaged in fishing outside. Its shores are cluttered with dories and piles of lobster pots, and in fact all sorts of interesting fishing appliances. While down the shore of the Bight lies Lobsterville,

whose cause of being is so well told in its name that no further explanation is needed.

Mr. Edward Augustus Kendall, who explored the island in 1807, gives his theory of the meaning of Menemsha as being probably on account of the cranberries that cover its marshy borders: "Monamsha or Minamsha: minac,



Eel pots sunning on the beach.

in some of the Algonquin dialects signifies berry."

While prying into the secrets of Menemsha's past, I gathered a few stray items such as that of Tristram Allen, British officer, who came ashore here for a pilot. The man he saw knew a pilot and said so, but declined to give his



Looking out of Menemsha Creek.

name, as he was in no mood to help the enemies of his country. However, he was no churl, and invited the officer to dine. On the table was some green corn which the Englishman had never before seen, and was slow to partake of lest it be poison.

They tell of a colored man who, standing on some one of these hills, did not believe that ships could shoot so far, and contemptuously turned his back on the firing Britisher, when along came a cannon ball and killed him so quick that he had no opportunity to change his belief, and they even yet mourn over the wasted evidence.

Then there was a Mr. Lumbert whose oxen were taken by the British and put in a corral with many others, preparatory to being moved on shipboard, when one particularly dark night Mr. L. visited the corral and quietly cut out his animals without disturbing the guard.

SNARLY HAIRED INDIANS.

From Chilmark village on the road sways up and down



What the ice-age did to Chilmark. Could anything be boulder!

hill, and continues through the same delightful country that we have all along been enjoying, but the extreme beauty disappears as one penetrates Gay Head, where for some distance it is sandy roads and

brushy roadsides, and even after we are out in the open again, the weather stained dwellings of the "snarly haired" Indians by the way are particularly unattractive.

It seems that a hundred years or so ago the Indians were all straight haired, but a certain squaw got into bad company consorting much with witches and other adepts of the black art. Her curiosity, however, finally led her too far, and there came a time when she saw more than her friends thought good, whereupon the witches clawed her hair over her eyes and snarled it all up, and ever after the race has been snarly haired.

But we are getting ahead of our story for we are not quite in Gay Head yet. The road passes between Stone Wall Pond and Nashaquitsa Pond to "Quitsa"—short for Nashaquitsa or Nashaqueedsee, meaning "between two waters"—from whence we look across to Squibnocket, where stands the life saving station on Money Hill, presumably the headquarters for another buried hoard.

A TRUE STORY OF PIRATE GOLD.

There is a story of pirate gold connected with the South

Beach that has largely to do with known facts. In August, 1815, William Mayhew and a neighbor named Hancock, while on the beach at Queenames, found a boat from which men had evidently landed, as tracks led to the marsh nearby, where they were lost.

That same night two men stopped at the house of Abner Mayhew, who lived on the beach at Squibnocket, some 5 miles west from where the boat was found, and there spent the night. They were a rough lot, and Abner fastened the door between the room they occupied and the rest of the house, but an Indian girl who slept in the attic above saw through a crack in the floor that they had quantities of gold pieces which they were dividing and sewing within the lining of their coats.

The next morning they asked how far it was to New York, and when told the distance expressed great surprise, saying they supposed they were on Long Island, and could walk. Shortly after they left, going to Menemsha, where they persuaded George West to take them across to New Bedford. They offered so much money that West felt he could not afford to refuse, though he was suspicious of them and took his son along to help in



Fiddler crabs on the sand.

emergency. During the trip over the strangers acted in such a way that the boatman was convinced they intended to kill him and take his boat. He then gave the tiller to his son, and with an extra tiller for a club, made of heavy oak, compelled the supposed pirates to get up in the bow and stay there until he landed them. Rev. Nymphus Hatch recorded in the West Tisbury church records under a certain date that George West "this day carried two men to Bedford, supposed to be pirates".

A day or two after the men left the island the body of a murdered sailor was found buried in the sand near Queenames, but nothing further was discovered and the facts were almost forgotten when there came a story to the Vineyard of a dying sailor who had confessed that he and others coming from the south on a brig carrying considerable specie, had conspired with the mate to murder the captain, passengers and crew, scuttle the vessel and escape with the gold in a small boat to the shore.

In due course they sighted land, which the captain said was Long Island, and the pirates then put their plot into execution, reaching the shore successfully and burying most of the money. Then came a quarrel. The mate wished to go one way, the others another, and after high words they separated, but the two, fearing the mate might betray them, turned back and killed him, burying his body in the sand.

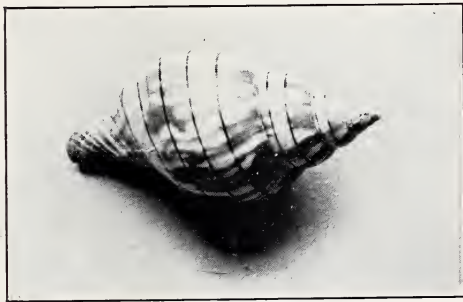
In the confession the ranges were given whereby the money could be located, but the changes in the coast line, and the fact that sand had washed up over the marsh made the search of the many treasure hunters who swarmed the region a vain one.

Again years passed and the story had become a fireside

legend when one day two strangers arrived on foot at the house on the Squibnocket beach where the pirates spent the night—some say at the Experience Mayhew house, mentioned above—and requested the privilege of stopping a few days, stating that they were naturalists after marine curiosities. They seemed to prefer the night for their search, but nothing was thought of that, and after remaining two or three days they left, walking to Holmes Hole, where they hired a wagon and did not return with it until after daylight next morning. When the marsh was visited a few days later a hole was found some 12 feet across, and it was noticed that a line continued from the shore line of Barge Cove, cut exactly across the centre of the opening. This was one of the ranges for the buried money, which made it look as though the pirates had at last come into their own.

POWWOW HILL.

About a half mile east of the Gay Head line and close upon the road stands on the south Powwow Hill. This is presumed from its name to have been a council hill, where the Indians held dances and feasts, but no particular legend attaches, so far as I have ascertained. An account written in 1792, and which quoted an Indian grandmother who “was a stout girl when the English came to the is-



From the depths.

land", states that the Indian worship consisted of singing and dancing, followed by a petition to the sun or moon to send the desired favor, most generally rain or fair weather, or freedom from their enemies or from sickness. For such a service a hilltop would seem to be a most excellent place.



Offering up a petition for green grass, and plenty of it.

BIRDS THAT COME AND GO.

A word concerning Vineyard birds should be tucked in somewhere, and as this is near unto the South Shore, and a spot much haunted by gunners, possibly this is the place. A sportsman who has made a study of the island birds states that probably over 200 varieties of all kinds have been seen on the Vineyard. This seems to be about the farthest south reached by such northern birds as the Snowy Goose, the Northern Phalarope, Little Auc, Swan, Eider Duck, King Eider, Harlequin, Snowy Owl, Hooded Merganser and Pine Grosbeak, all of which have been seen on the island. While those from the southland numbered among our visitors are the Little Blue Heron, Snowy Egret, Purple Galalule, Gray Pelican, Turkey Buzzard, Gray Crested Fly Catcher and others.

EXCITING TIMES FOR THE BRITISH.

A series of scraps have been collected which, while not always agreeing in detail, apparently started originally from the same source and, pieced together, make the following story:—

During the War of 1812 Joseph Mayhew discovered a boat from an English man-o'-war, or a privateer, coming in on the

Squibnocket beach, and hastily summoned the neighboring farmers who dug rifle pits or sheltered themselves behind hummocks of sand and as the boat approached the shore began to pick off its crew. The steady firing from so considerable a space as the rifle pits covered seems to have given the enemy an impression that a large force was concealed among the sand dunes and after losing several men the boat drew off and returned to the vessel which then stood down the shore toward Gay Head, running into a fog, and probably on the Peaked Rocks, for she went down with part of the crew, while those who reached shore were made prisoners. About in a line from the Gay Head light to No Man's Land a brass cannon has more than once been brought nearly to the surface on the fluke of an occasional anchor, and this is supposed to have been part of the outfit of the Englishman.

GAY HEAD.

AT NOON OF NIGHT.

Shortly after crossing into Gay Head, the highway passes over Black Brook, a haunt of witches and goblins, where ghosts have been seen even of late years. The swampy, overgrown nature of the ground affords ample opportunity for hiding places, and there seems no good reason why ghosts should not abide here. The water of the brook is said to be particularly palatable to horses.

GAY HEAD.

One-third of the Gay Head peninsula belonged to the London "Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Indians and others in North America", and Gay Head is an Indian reservation to-day.

Professor Shaler writes that "Gay Head presents by far the most striking geological features on our eastern shore. * * * These beds contain a greater variety of fossils than can be obtained in any other part of the coast region of New England. * * *

"A series of great cliffs leading down to the sea; these are of sands and clays having an amazing variety of colors, giving to the whole a brilliancy unexampled except at Alum Bay, Isle of Wight. Red, black, yellow, green and white, with many intermediate tints, are blended in bands which stand nearly vertical on the cliff. Some of the sands abound in sharks'

teeth and bones of whales, and in other monuments of another time. Far out to sea we may perceive by the lines of breakers where lie the remnants of the cliffs which have been eaten back for miles. The sands and clays melt in the ravenous waves;



A series of great cliffs leading down to the sea.

the boulders are harder to grind, and remain after the rest has gone."

Of this west end of the island he says it is "a region which wastes each year so fast that it seems as if the waves to the north and south would soon join hands over their finished work.

There is an indescribable loneliness in this rugged land, with its sullen, helpless struggle against the sea. It is indeed a fitting home for the remnant of an Indian tribe. They, too, have waged a losing fight against the fates and have nothing but extinction before them".

The geological formation of these peculiar cliffs, according to Professor Shaler, has never been accounted for. His theory is that the erosion work which removed the materials of these strata from their parent rocks was effected by glaciation, the ice not attaining to the place of deposition, but delivering the detritus to streams one or more of which debouched near this part of the coast into the sea or perhaps at times into a lake. These streams bearing the detritus to its present resting place. According to this theory, the Gay Head cliffs were built up as delta formations at the mouth of a great river of the tertiary age, each color representing the deposit of material from a certain region.

Occasionally subangular masses of sandstone are found embedded in the strata. Professor Shaler noted five or six such fragments which cannot be classed with the ordinary glacial boulders that often work down the slopes so as to appear as if they were embedded in the strata. These sandstone pieces were apparently ice-rafted, possibly from the Connecticut Valley.

First among the colors of the cliffs is a whitish sand, generally composed of coarsely powdered quartz, feldspar and mica, such as might have been derived from the destruction of granite. Beds of red clay often containing masses of sandstone, which have a resemblance to the red sandstone of the Connecticut Valley. Brown and green deposits known as

“greensand”—these are limited to the northern end—that in certain parts contains numerous fossils, vertebrae of whales, sharks’ teeth, etc. Beds of dark brown or black lignite in which are found fragments of trunks and branches of trees. Here are found iron pyrites and frequent crystals of selenite and very occasionally small fragments of a fossil resin in the uppermost beds. This resin is indistinguishable by ordinary tests from amber.

Early explorers generally seem to have taken it for granted that the Devil’s Den is the extinct crater of a volcano, and the inquisitive visitor can still hear such statements made. Reverend Samuel West, D. D., F. A. A., of Dartmouth, with Dr. William Baylies, of Dighton, and others visited Gay Head in June, 1786, and found many signs which to them were of volcanic action, citing the fact that they found masses of charcoal under their feet, large stones whose surfaces were vitrified, and great numbers of small ones cemented together by melted sand; also cinders were to be seen in many places, etc., etc. And then there were the fireside stories of the oldest inhabitant, whose mother had seen in her youth a mysterious light upon Gay Head.

There are several small and unnoticed mineral springs on Gay Head. Some contain iron, some are charged with alum, and yet others are weakly tintured with sulphuretted hydrogen. This is the only part of our northern seacoast where mineral springs are found.

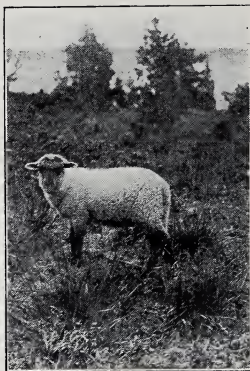
NO MAN’S LAND.

Some six miles south of Gay Head lies No Man’s Land, “a mass of glacial drift”, the original “Marthae’s” Vineyard, “which coasting along (Nantucket and south shore of Martha’s

Vineyard) we saw a disinhabited Island which so afterwards appeared to us: we bore with it, and named it Marthae's Vineyard * * * heere we rode in eight fathome neere the shoare, where we took great store of Cod, as before at Cape Cod, but much better"—so reports Mr. Gabriel Archer.

Nominally the island, which is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles long and 1 mile wide, is part of the town of Chilmark, but the tax collector, it is said, never calls. Only one or two families inhabit the island the year around. There is no wood, but an abundance of peet which is used for fuel, though in 1702 Judge Sewall wrote: "No Man's Land is well watered and wooded and inhabited by 7th day Indians." The land is very fertile, some of it extraordinarily so. It is claimed that one field of grass has yielded so large a crop that it could not be cured on the surface of the field. Large white owls abound in the Winter season.

The fishing about No Man's Land attracts many boats during the season. When the Gay Head braves hear the sea-god uttering his cry "Wee-wank! Wee-wank!" then is it known that the fish have come, and the boats push out from shore for the fishing grounds. On Stony Point, whose five acres are covered with nothing but clean stones, all the codfish caught about the island are placed, after being dressed, and cured by the sun. At times the entire five acres have been completely



Vineyard lamb. Unlike the Wall Street variety this is better and baas less after being skinned.



The Gay Head Light.

covered by the drying fish. The codfish here sustain the reputation given them by Mr. Gabriel Archer, for they are regarded as superior to any other in the market; but of late the annual catch has been very small, though, as Mr. John Brereton put it "we had pestered our ship so with Codfish that we threw numbers of them overboard again."

At no point on the island can boats ride safely at anchor, and there are times when, for weeks at a stretch, it is impossible to make a landing. The fishermen must haul their boats ashore each night, every boat having its boat-ladder, which extends to low water, and up which the boat is skidded to safety with the help of a pair of oxen.

GAY HEAD LIGHT.

And now we will return to Gay Head, whose great light flashes comfort to the sailor. This light was established by an act of Congress July 16, 1798, the signature of President John Adams making the act a law. The lamp burns two quarts of oil an hour; has five concentric wicks, the diameter of the outer one being five inches. The Fresnel lens in use made the light a famous one forty years ago. It contains 1,003 pieces of glass

and cost \$16,000. Every ten seconds a flash, every fourth flash being red. The present tower was built in 1857-9.

INDIAN LEGENDS OF GAY HEAD.

Gay Head has been so long identified with the Indian that about all of the legends which have survived have been fitted to this end of the island, which has been well supplied with names by the aborigines, who at various times have called it Catackutchto or Wuhtuhquehtunt or Wannummusit or Aquinah.

The Indians appear to have had two fabulous giants or devils, Cheepii and Moshop. Not much has been handed down concerning the former, and what little there is would indicate that he was a very bad and mischievous deity. About Moshop most of the legends cling, and there is just enough in them to make it seem probable that the original Moshop was a real Indian, a man of parts who left his impress, and about whose memory was gradually collected the legends of the region.

CHEEPII.

Near where the Peters house now stands once stood the habitation of a great chief. "'Twas dug in the side of a hill, with a warm southern exposure, walled up with stones, well roofed with wreckage from the sea, and at one end was an immense stone fireplace with its broad hearth. The floor was of beautifully pounded earth kept in a fine state of firmness and black polish by constant sweepings with the wonderful pock-web brooms."

Here one night, in the midst of a dance, came a horrible noise from the adjoining cornfield. The Indians rushing out of doors charged the field on all sides, but were repulsed at every point by a fearful shape that seemed to be everywhere

at once, and they finally retired discomfited from before this incomprehensible foe to await the coming of the dawn.

By daylight all was quiet and peaceful, the unbroken corn was waving in the gentle breeze; only around the edges of the field where the Indians had ventured close, was it broken down, and there was no sign on the ground but their own footprints. Then they stood amazed, and looking at each other muttered "Cheepii! Cheepii!"

MOSHOP.

Moshop is said to have originally held sway on the mainland where, after a fierce battle and the loss of nearly all his braves, he was defeated and forced to fly. Then he came to Aquinnah, and in a well watered place called the Den he made his home. The Devil's Den is a hollow in the edge of the cliff about 100 feet deep, and several hundred feet south of the lighthouse. It is claimed by some to be the crater of an extinct volcano.

To this dwelling he brought his lovely Squant, now Ol' Squant, and their twelve beautiful daughters. Standing at his door he would catch a whale, or other great fish, by the tail and swing it up to his hearthstone where a fire always burned, constantly replenished by large forest trees which he pulled up by the roots for the purpose.



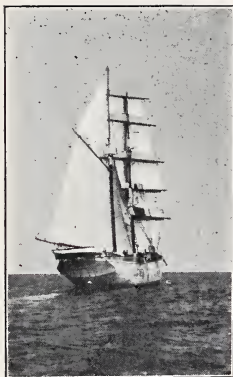
The Gay Head shore. Rocks that have fallen as the cliff has been undermined.

When the whales failed to approach near enough Moshop would throw great rocks into the sea on which to approach his victim—hence the Devil's Bridge.

Moshop appears to have been a kindly disposed old fellow and a hard worker when it was necessary. The following legend tells how he was outwitted and his work brought to naught by the cunning of an old woman. Those living on the Vineyard wished to secure easy access to the island of Cuttyhunk, and begged Moshop to build a bridge across, while the Cuttyhunkers, who were satisfied with their home trade, and desired not the intrusion of foreigners, as earnestly begged him not to build; thus was he torn between two opinions, until finally his home friends prevailed and he consented, the only stipulation being that he was to begin at sunset and stop at cockcrow, whether the bridge was finished or not. This, however, would give ample time.

Then were they of Cuttyhunk much alarmed and exercised, being wholly unable to devise any means to stay his hand until an old woman came forward and said that if watch was kept and she informed when Moshop began, she would stop him. Her friends thought her crazy, asking how a poor, weak woman could stop such a great giant, when the strength of all the men of Cuttyhunk could not prevail against him. But she persisted, and they finally agreed. Thus a sharp watch was kept every sunset until finally Moshop was seen to approach the shore with a great rock in his hands and, as the sun took his evening dip in the western waters, to throw it far out into the Sound.

Then came rocks in a shower, some as large as the greatest wigwams, and the bridge began rapidly to grow. All Cutty-



In the mouth of the Sound.

hunk was soon on the beach, watching by the dying light of day the terrific pace at which Moshop worked, and it was only when it became too dark to see that they bethought them of the old woman and ran to her with cries and taunts, asking what she was going to do about it, but she dismissed them to their homes. Then went she in unto her cock, and passing a bright light before his eyes caused him to awake with the thought of dawn in his mind, whereupon he lustily began to crow and Moshop was, by the bargain he had made, compelled to stop his work. But the rocks remain even unto this day, and many a good ship has gone to pieces on the Devil's Bridge.

ACCOUNTING FOR NANTUCKET.

While Moshop was the first inhabitant of Martha's Vineyard of whom there is any authentic record, these same records concerning him plainly show that the land was well peopled in his time, as witness the following:—

Moshop was as kind hearted and wise as he was great and good, and to him all those in trouble came for counsel and advice. So it came to pass that a certain maiden whose poverty prevented her union with the youth of her choice came to the Great Chief. The fathers of the young people were petty chiefs and equal in rank, but the one was poor, the other rich, and the wealthy father would not permit his son to take a poor girl to wife.

The lovers, after talking the situation over, concluded that their only help lay in Moshop, and the girl, as the best pleader, was chosen to bear the petition. Then watching her opportunity when the chief, her father, had gone on a long hunt, the girl started on her journey to Aquinnah, and toiling up its steep slopes, for the heights in those days were 500 feet or more above the sea, she came into the presence. She was much frightened to see the great man loom so tall above her, but he spoke gently and she finally found courage to tell her story, receiving a prompt promise of aid.

It was appointed that the two lovers should meet the Giant on Sampson's Hill, Chappaquiddick, and there they came. While discussing the matter and canvassing every possible expedient, the elder took out his pipe and began to smoke. Now you must know that the pipe was in accord with the size of the man, and that it took many bales of tobacco to fill it, so that when he was through and proceeded to knock the ashes out into the sea there arose a tremendous hissing sound and great clouds of smoke and vapor which filled the whole region with a dense fog.

There was method in all this on the part of Moshop, but the lovers, who did not appreciate it, only thought he was a poky old giant and very slow to suggest a remedy for their very real woes. Imagine then their astonishment when, as the fog lifted, they beheld a beautiful island in the sea, gilded by the rising sun.

Thus was Nantucket born to meet the wants of a pair of Vineyard lovers. The



A spider crab.

marriage portion being now provided the hard hearted parent relented and there was nothing to longer delay the ceremony which Moshop himself performed, and after celebrating the nuptials at his royal mansion in a fitting manner, he dismissed the pair to their new domain with his blessing.

So in Nantucket we have the authentic proof that the great Moshop once lived, and while it may gall our little neighbor to know that it was never intended in the original order of things and was merely created to fill a sudden emergency, it yet seems best to give the facts without bias.

Some there be who call Nantucket "The Devil's Ash Heap", but the reader can readily see that this is a deliberate slur born of malice and all manner of uncharitableness. The facts are as above stated.

THE END OF THE GIANTS.

The time came when Moshop felt he was being crowded out, and that there would soon be no room for such great fellows as himself. He was too good to attempt the destruction of others and too proud to complain, and after many sad communings with himself made up his mind to a course of action which, while it might remove the last remnant of his gigantic tribe from the earth, yet seemed for the best. By this time he had an infinite number of sons and daughters; these he sent to play on a beach which in those days joined No Man's Land to Gay Head. He then made a mark across the beach at each end with his toe, and so deep that the water flowed through and rapidly cut away the sands—so rapidly, indeed, that the children were in danger of being drowned. The boys held their sisters above the water. Then Moshop called and told them to act as though they were bent on killing whales, whereupon

they were all turned into killers (a fish so called). For you must know our giant was a magician as well as the fountain of all wisdom.

Then he and Squant took the trail along the beach toward the rising sun, and they passed Molitiah's Ledge, and the Peaked Rocks and Black Rock to Zaces Cliffs, and here they sought repose in a beach hummock and have never been seen more, though it is said the smoke of their camp fire is sometimes seen by those gifted with acute vision, and now and then "Ol' Squant" is said to appear to certain merry gentlemen returning late at night from a visit to the sick, or otherwise.

INDIAN NOTES.

Mittark was the first Indian minister at Gay Head, the son of Nohtoaksaet, a sachem who came from Massachusetts Bay. Mittark embraced Christianity in 1663, and after the death of his father sold, on May 10, 1687, all his rights in the territory to Gov. Thomas Dongan, of New York. The first recorded deed of Squibnocket was signed by Dongan.

It is claimed that the first church here was Presbyterian, but the Baptist records show that that church was organized on Gay Head by Thomas Mayhew, Peter Folger and others, about 1693.

The Gay Head Indians spend their life on the water and become the most expert of boatmen. During the days of whaling they were in great demand among the whalers as boat-steerers; several have become mates and a few masters of whaleships.

There is a great Indian burial ground on Able's Neck, where it is supposed Hiacoomes, the first converted Indian, was buried.



A Gay Head pasture. The Light in the distance.

Able Able was a noted Indian dignitary; his signature as attached to a deed reads: "I Able Able, Indian man".

The Indians buried his implements of war and the chase with the dead brave, and with the squaw her household utensils, pestle and other articles. On the

grave was arranged a circle of flat stones, and on these a fire was kept burning until the stones were red hot—this to drive away the evil spirit.

From "The following Fabulous Traditions and Customs of the Indians of Martha's Vineyard were communicated to Benj. Bassett, Esq., of Chilmark, by Thos. Cooper, a half-blooded Indian of Gay Head, aged about sixty-five years; and which, he says, he obtained of his grandmother, who, to use his own expression, was a stout girl when the English came to the island" (published in the Massachusetts Historical Collections for 1792) we have the following interesting account of the method used to stop a yellow fever epidemic:—

"The rich; that is, such as had a canoe, skins, axes, etc., brought them. They took their seats in a circle; and all the poor sat around, without. The richest then proposed to begin to lay the sickness; and having in his hand something in shape

resembling his canoe, skin, or whatever his riches were, he threw it up in the air; and whoever of the poor without could take it, the property it was intended to resemble became forever transferred to him or her. After the rich had thus given away all their movable property to the poor, they looked out the handsomest and most sprightly young man in the assembly and put him into an entire new wigwam, built of everything new for that purpose. They then formed into two files at a small distance from each other. One standing in the space at each end put fire to the bottom of the wigwam on all parts, and fell to singing and dancing. Presently the youth would leap out of the flames, and fall down to appearance dead. Him they committed to the care of five virgins, prepared for that purpose to restore to life again. The term required for this would be uncertain, from six to forty-eight hours; during which time the dance must be kept up. When he was restored he would tell, that, he had been carried in a large thing high up in the air, where he came to a great company of white people, with whom he had interceded hard to have the distemper layed; and generally after much persuasion, would obtain a promise, or answer of peace, which never failed of laying the distemper."

WRECK OF THE CITY OF COLUMBUS.

The unfortunate side of Gay Head is under water—the Devil's Bridge and lesser reefs and rocks left by the washing away of the cliffs, that make navigation of this coast dangerous. The most terrible disaster here was the destruction of the "City of Columbus", January 18, 1884. It was one of those unfortunate errors that should never have happened. The night was unusually clear, but at 3:45 Friday morning the man at the

wheel heard the order "hard a-port", and a moment later the vessel struck on the rocks. She immediately filled forward, careened toward the port side, leaving her bow out of water. As the passengers rushed on deck they were swept off by the waves, for a hurricane was blowing though the moon shone brilliantly. The sea was making a clean sweep over the ship. Only one ship's boat, and that containing but four men,

succeeded in reaching the shore after battling with the waves from 4 o'clock until nearly 7, and one of these men died from exposure before landing, and only one was able to crawl to the nearest house and send help to the others.

The wreck was not discovered from shore until 5 o'clock. Then Horatio N. Pease, keeper of the light, called for volunteers, of which there was no lack. A crew in a whaleboat attempted to rescue six men seen on a raft, but their boat was stove almost before they were off shore and they barely escaped themselves—they were Thomas C. Jeffers, captain; Henry H. Jeffers, Raymond Madison. Thomas E. Manning, Charles Stevens, Simeon Divine and John O. Anthony.



"For signal and humane exertions in attempting to save the passengers and crew of the steamer City of Columbus off Gay Head, January 18, 1884."

The sea was so heavy that it was an impossibility to launch the lifeboat until 9 o'clock. At 10 o'clock the boat returned with seven rescued men. The crew consisted entirely of Gay Head Indians, who lived up to their best traditions that day. They were Joseph Peters, captain; Samuel Haskins, Samuel Anthony, James Cooper, Moses Cooper and John Vanderhoop.

The second crew that manned the lifeboat also consisted of Indians, except the captain, who was white. This crew was composed of James T. Mosher, captain; Leonard L. Vanderhoop, Thomas C. Jeffers, Patrick Divine, Charles Grimes and Peter Johnson. They had rescued thirteen men when the revenue cutter "Dexter" came up and the saved were transferred to her. A boat from the cutter, captained by Lieutenant John U. Rhodes, succeeded in rescuing four more.

It seems hardly fair, where every man was taking his life in his hands and doing his utmost, to single out any individual, but the "Columbus" wreck can hardly be passed over without particular mention of Lieutenant Rhodes, "a man of quiet manners and faithful to every duty". It was impossible to rescue men except as they would jump and be picked up; no boat could approach close to the wreck without being stove. The last two men hung in the rigging unable to move from exhaustion. The Lieutenant waited until his boat was within about 30 feet of the half-submerged hull, and with a line about him jumped into the icy waters and swam for the vessel. When almost there a piece of timber struck him and he sank and was hauled back to the small boat, taken to the cutter, revived and his wound dressed; he determined to try it again, and this time succeeded in reaching the ship and getting the men out of the rigging, taking the last living soul from the wreck. We seldom

know what there is in the quiet folks about us until the time of trial comes.

Long before the end the Squibnocket lifeboat had been brought over and launched and, manned by Eddy C. Flanders, captain; Benjamin F. Mayhew, E. Elliott Mayhew, Wm. Mayhew, Cyrus C. Look and Seth Walker, showed that the white man equaled the Indian in heroism. This enabled the Gay Head crew, captained by Mr. Mosher, to go ashore; the crew, "all hearty, strong and rugged men, were completely exhausted". The Massachusetts Humane Society presented its gold medal to Lieutenant Rhodes "for heroic exertions at the imminent peril of his own life in rescuing two persons from steamer 'City of Columbus', January 18, 1884, off Gay Head". It also presented its silver medal to each member of the Gay Head crews and its bronze medal to each member of the Squibnocket crew.

WRECK OF THE GALENA.

On March 13, 1891, the United States battleship "Galena", being towed by the tug "Nina" from the Brooklyn Navy Yard to Portsmouth, went on the "Peaked" rocks off the south shore of Gay Head. All hands were saved by an Indian crew, of which John Vanderhoop was captain, the Indians showing the usual heroism.

We have now arrived at the end of our journey, and must return whence we came, and if the traveler will take the author's advice he will return by the Middle Road, even if it is hilly and sandy, and discover a bit of the island for himself, for here is a terra incognita that the book has not touched on. It is likely that more buried treasure lies hereabout, why not discover it for yourself? And if no gold is found, the road fur-

nishes a wealth of view that is worth a trip of many miles to enjoy.

“No more, no more
The worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!”



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*Here lies the body of Johnathan
Not the pease but just the pod,
The pease shelled out and went to God*

